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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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No. 839—Vol. XXXIII.]

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 28, 1871.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]



THE GREAT FIRE AT CHICAGO.—SCENE IN WELLS STREET—THE TERRIFIED POPULACE IN FRONT OF THE BRIGGS HOUSE, WHICH HAS JUST CAUGHT FIRE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 102.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 28, 1871.

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One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00  
One copy six months, or 26 numbers - 2.00  
One copy for thirteen weeks - 1.00

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#### NOTICE.

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#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

We publish this week only an installment of the numerous sketches received from our artist-reporters at the scene of the terrible disaster at Chicago. We are in daily receipt of other drawings and photographs depicting important or touching incidents, and accurately exhibiting the results and extent of the devastation. A selection of these will appear in our next, which cannot fail to be of equal interest with the present number.

#### A NEW AND ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

We commence in the present number a Romance of remarkable power and thrilling interest, called,

#### THE WHITE SPECTRE;

OR,

#### THE MYSTERY OF INGESTRE HOUSE,

BY

RETT WINWOOD.

It is by one of our most popular American authors, and full of all those incidents which enchain the reader's attention. We predict for the patrons of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a great pleasure for some weeks to come.

#### TO THE PUBLIC.

We desire to call the attention of the public specially to the fact that FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the only journal of its kind, of the first class, published in this country, and the only one legitimately entitled to be called an Illustrated Newspaper. In short, while other publications, claiming the same title, fill their pages mainly from the foreign journals of a similar character, either by procuring electrotype copies of plates which have already been used abroad, or by copying these illustrations through the transfer process, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, while delineating foreign news with far more completeness than any contemporary, by giving in a reduced form, under "The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press," every interesting feature of the Foreign Illustrated Journals, devotes itself especially to furnishing the public with the most accurate representations of striking current events, from photographs taken on the spot or sketches made from personal observation by the ablest artists in the country. Although we do not desire to underrate our contemporaries, as being very pretty picture-papers, printing very satisfactory impressions from the works of European draughtsmen and engravers, we wish the distinction between them and us to be remembered by the public: that our artists and photographers, at great expense, penetrate on every important occasion all parts of the habitable globe, that their productions are engraved by American engravers within the walls of our publishing house (which, as the pioneer, has educated almost all the artists and engravers now employed in similar establishments), and that in pursuing this plan, we are necessarily obliged to employ American art and industry to an extent far beyond any other publication—this fact alone should give us a superior claim upon the American public. In addition, our paper each week illustrates about ten times as many items of NEWS as any other American Journal, filling in Illustrated Journalism the place occupied by the great dailies among papers confined to letter-press. Our drawings and engravings equal anything of their class in the world; our presses, by recent additions, are unsurpassed, both as to capacity and execution; and the paper on which we print is heavier and more expensive

than that used by any similar establishment. In a word, as an ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, FRANK LESLIE'S is absolutely without a competitor.

#### THE LESSON OF CHICAGO.

Long before this number of our paper can reach our readers, they will have obtained full accounts, from the daily Press, of the great catastrophe at Chicago. The capacity of language will have been exhausted in descriptions of that terrible calamity, in speculations on its effects, real or possible, and in commendation of that active charity which has so nobly responded to the wants of a suffering community. To us is left the task of bringing before the eyes of the public more lasting and impressive representations of the unprecedented disaster, which we do this week, in a series of illustrations, from the pencil of the artist, as remarkable for their vigor as their truth, and which the pen is almost powerless to portray. These will live and be vivid long after the most forcible descriptions by the pen have faded from the minds of men. They will form an essential part of the history of the Wonderful City of the West.

We have little to add to the sad story they tell or to the ample descriptions that accompany them. We need not swell the hosannas that have been raised to the enterprise and energy of Chicago, for these are patent to the world; nor need we occupy space in barren sympathy for its misfortunes. Let us seek rather to profit, in the way of prudence and precaution, from its "baptism of fire." Let us heed the lesson it has taught, lest some day its calamity be repeated elsewhere, perhaps on a scale grander and more terrible.

Leaving all other questions aside, and omitting the probable fact of incendiarianism after the fire in Chicago had got headway, was there, ought there not to have been, such precautions as to have made that fire impossible? Is it not true that the reckless go-ahead-ness of the people, their ambition to achieve rapidly, and double a dollar with every turn, induced them to omit the measures which ordinary prudence would have suggested against such an affliction as has befallen the "smartest" city of the continent? "What a place for a great fire!" was the ejaculation of a foreign gentleman to the writer of these paragraphs, when admiring the enterprise and growth of Chicago, ten years and more ago. The solid and only substantial portions of the city were then only rising—surrounded by a wilderness of most inflammable material. It seems unkind, perhaps it is so, to tell the houseless sufferers on the open prairie that they are paying, in a certain sense, the penalty of their own negligence—a negligence almost criminal, in not prohibiting the multiplication of buildings which can only be characterized as "tinder-boxes." No fire originating in the "solid" part of the city, we care not how dry the season or how strong the wind, could have brought about the widespread destruction which we all deplore and which we are all swift to remedy. The enactment of appropriate fire-laws would have provoked, undoubtedly, the hostility of every shanty-owner, and of the owner of every shingle palace—but it would have saved Chicago!

The enactment of proper building-laws here, so that the "gutting" of a single dwelling by fire will not necessitate the tumbling in of the thin walls between it and its neighbors, may save this great Emporium of the Continent from a conflagration to which that of Chicago may bear no comparison. It has been said that it is unsafe to lean the back of one's chair against the partition-walls between the imposing dwellings with brown-stone fronts and zinc cornices that are going up all over New York, lest you should break through into the bedroom of your neighbor, whose snoring is as audible in your chamber as in his own—the division, in fact, operating as a sounding-board to his nocturnal music.

None of these party-walls could stand alone. They are supported only by the wooden beams that reach from one to the other, and when these are burned away in one case, they tumble in and give free scope to the fire on either side—ad infinitum. A fire in a single building of an up-town block, unless speedily checked, may and will involve the whole block in ruin. And now we know that under certain conditions, and with enough to feed on, the "devouring element" becomes uncontrollable, and neither iron façades, stone walls or "roofs of brass" can resist its terrible force.

Let New York profit by the severe lesson taught by desolated Chicago!

#### IMPRISONMENT OF WITNESSES. A CRYING EVIL.

Men's ideas of freedom vary widely. One extreme is found in that chaotic state of society wherein every man does that which is right in his own eyes. The other, wherein a people, while preserving the forms and traditions of a genuine freedom, once theirs, are ground to the earth beneath a relentless des-

potism erected on the ruins of their misused liberties. Between these two extremes lie many forms of political freedom, and among them, though more nearly approaching to the latter class than to the former, is that which it is our common boast, in public speeches and through our newspapers, that we enjoy.

But as the notion of the family lies at the foundation of our social system, so the freedom of the individual must be the basis of our national freedom; and in the exact measure that we allow, not only without protest, but with absolute indifference, the personal rights of the meanest of our citizens to be invaded, do we incur the risk of forfeiting, as we deserve by our apathy to forfeit, the rights of all.

We ought to apologize to our readers for stating these self-evident truths, but it is only by occasional reference to general principles that we can perceive how, in particular instances, we are allowing ourselves to be led astray from the true rules of equity and justice, and, for the sake of a questionable good, are committing unquestionable wrongs. It is a legal maxim, sanctioned by common humanity, that it is better a hundred guilty should escape than that one innocent should suffer. By the House of Detention for witnesses, as now conducted, we reverse all this. We punish the innocent, knowing them to be so, while giving every facility to the guilty to escape. We imprison, for an indefinite length of time, the accused—the man who has suffered a cruel wrong—while the accused—a notorious criminal—walks at large. It is bad enough to punish the innocent. Nothing can be more shocking, or more detestable. But we are an ingenious people, and our laws have invented something even worse, and that is, to punish those who, so far from being accused, are themselves the accusers. The reward of the poor man who has been robbed by the scoundrels who infest our city, and who complains of his wrongs, is, that he is put in prison by the police magistrate till the District Attorney thinks proper to bring the indictment before the higher court, and meanwhile the criminal himself is free.

The House of Detention is an institution created by statute. By the law, it is at the discretion of a committing magistrate, or police justice, to consign to this charming abode any witnesses who cannot give satisfactory security for their appearance at the trial before a higher court. It often happens that a complainant is the chief witness in his own behalf, and he is locked up, therefore, in this jail—for jail it is—under a disguised name—not because he is the complainant, but because he is a witness: though it cannot make much difference, we conceive, to the poor fellow imprisoned, in which capacity he is under lock and key.

The case of Anton Kornach, lately before the public, is a type of hundreds of others with which the records of our police courts have during the past few years been filled. An emigrant to the Far West has, after years of patient toil, saved a modest sum of money. He determines to pay a visit to his home, in the "old country"; perchance to persuade some of his friends and neighbors to return with him. He comes to New York to engage his passage, and is soon pounced upon by the emigrant-runners, who are at once hardened villains and leading ward politicians. The unhappy traveler is openly robbed, hustled on board a steamer, sails, and is never more heard from. Or, discovering at sea that the belt he supposed contained his gold pieces, covered nothing but brass or silver, the one having been dextrously exchanged for the other by the thieves, who have persuaded him to exchange his currency for the coin of the country whither he is bound, he returns as speedily as possible to this city to lay the facts before the police. Yet another variation of the story is, when the theft leaks out before the victim sails, and he defers his voyage till his money can be recovered. Unhappy men! They have heard of something called Justice, and ignorantly supposed such luxury was for the poor and needy. What, then, happens? The miscreants who robbed are arrested, and, with their accuser, taken before a Police Judge. The case is tried. The accused, as we have said, is a politician, and therefore a friend of the Judge, also a politician. They have fought shoulder to shoulder in the same primary meetings; they herd together in the same rum-hole when their day's work is done: could any ties bind them closer? In a few minutes a bail bond (straw) is made for the Judge's friend, and the complainant is sent to the House of Detention as a witness, while the accused walks out of court to resume his trade of lies, theft, and lust.

Bad as this is, much worse remains to be told. An indictment is found by the Grand Jury, and the future conduct of the case is in the hands of the District Attorney. In the meantime the complainant is tampered with; he is offered money to compromise the case. On the one hand he is promised liberation from his cell (a miserable room, eight feet by ten in size, which he must share with another prisoner), a free passage home, and release from a harassing affair. On the other, should he

sturdily resist, there are held out to him the prospect of an incarceration, only terminable at the will of the District Attorney, the friend of the accused; threats of violence, and dark hints of counter-accusations of unheard-of crimes. We are writing of actual facts, incredible as they may appear. What wonder, then, that these scoundrels who can wield such influence so long defy retribution? Occasionally some man is found proof against all wiles, and indifferent to all threats. Through such an one Macdonald is now serving a sentence of five years in the State Prison, where we sincerely trust he will soon be joined by Moore, who swindled Kornach, in spite of his having forfeited his bail.

We readily grant that it is possible the ends of justice may be thwarted by the absence of witnesses, when a trial comes on. It would also promote the ends of justice if criminals could be forced to confess. But we do not torture criminals to extort confessions. We rather reserve our barbarities for witnesses, whom we imprison with less tenderness than would be shown them if convicted of crime. We tell them: "You have been plundered, and therefore are poor; or, you were so unfortunate as to witness a crime, and being poor, cannot give money security for your appearance six or twelve months hence. In other countries, England, for instance, your own recognizance would be security enough. There, your word or oath would suffice; but this being a free country, as personal security is all you can offer, we will secure your person in a jail till we are ready to use your evidence. True, your family may be starving. Imprisonment may ruin you and them, but the claims of justice must be met. You have no right to be unfortunate and poor, but being so, you shall be crushed."

The records of the House of Detention show that lengthened imprisonments are not uncommon. Carpenter, the chief witness against Real, for the murder of Smedick, was detained (that is the mild euphemism) over seven months, and many others for longer periods.

We have very grave doubts of the constitutional right of the State of New York to imprison United States citizens for indefinite periods, without crimes being proved or alleged, but our limits do not allow us to argue the question here. Even supposing this right to exist, we have no doubt whatever that it is in the power, and that it is the duty, of the Legislature to pass an amendment to the statute, that no witness shall be imprisoned in the House of Detention or elsewhere, where bail is accepted for the party charged with crime. In other words, that in cases where the accused is at liberty, the witnesses shall be so also. The frightful inequality of the law as it now stands ought to be remedied without delay.

#### AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER IN PARIS.

MANY years ago, under the First Empire, in France, the brothers Galignani established in Paris, for the benefit of the "British colony" an English newspaper bearing their name, which, in due course, became the great favorite of all English-speaking people on the Continent. It copied the leading articles from the English papers, and translated or epitomized those of the Continental Press, besides giving a compact summary of news from all parts of the world. It took no share in politics, and was consequently never disturbed, "warned" or suspended during all the changes, political and social, that France has gone through during the past half-century. Every hotel, restaurant and banking-house on the Continent had its Galignani, and the first inquiry of all English or American travelers, in moving from one town to another, was for Galignani.

But the paper was always anti-American. Hardly any article in the European Press hostile to or deprecatory of the United States but found a place in its columns, in which, however, it was difficult, almost impossible, to get a refutation inserted. When our civil war was raging, its half-concealed hostility to the Union became open, and, after its fashion, it sided with the Rebellion. Now, Americans are quick to forgive some things, but not this, and all of them residing abroad—there are occasionally 25,000 in Paris at one time—felt the need of a paper in the English language, in the columns of which they should not be exposed to systematic misrepresentation, not to say insult, and which should give greater prominence to American affairs and intelligence. A number of attempts were made to establish such a paper, but, for want of capital in some instances, or because they were obviously in the interest of some speculation by "one-horse" bankers, they all failed, until the American Register, now in its fourth semi-annual volume, was established. It is a large sheet of eight pages, double the size of Galignani, and carries with it every indication of prosperity. Its contents are varied, its news department is full, and its conduct, able—as it could hardly fail to be so, under the

direction of that veteran journalist so long connected with the Press of this city, Mr. Ryan, who was the first Editor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, and subsequently, for a number of years, a principal writer on the *Herald*.

#### FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS.

THE terrible devastation in Chicago will, we trust, have the effect of directing the attention of those who will shortly have the charge of rebuilding the city to the necessity of erecting fire-proof structures. We mean really fire-proof, in which no materials except stone, brick, and iron will be used, and not the composite affairs to which such title is usually given, wherein the beams and pillars and staircases are of iron, but the floor-joists and roof-supports are of wood. As an example of nearly perfect fire-proof building, we may point to that lately finished by the Equitable Life Insurance at the corner of Broadway and Cedar Street; but even that might have been made more inaccessible to fire than it is, by having all the floors of tiles placed in a bed of cement. A few such buildings as this might possibly have stayed the ravages of the Chicago conflagration. A street of them certainly would have formed a rampart to check the flames, while under its shelter efforts to suppress the fire might have been organized.

As described to us by an eye-witness, the fire, when at its height, rushed on the buildings before it like a torrent of water over a rock, overwhelming them in its fatal embrace. The marble with which the fronts of the houses and stores are veneered crumbled instantaneously as the flames struck it, and the rest of the building seemed to melt away. Had they, instead of such friable material, met with granite walls, and metal or cement roofs, supported on brick arches, it is most probable that the widespread desolation now witnessed would not have occurred.

A very strong recommendation to such fire-proof buildings as we allude to must be found in the low rate of insurance they are sure to command, and the facilities they further offer to being made burglar-proof. The fair and noble city that must shortly, phoenix-like, arise on the ruins of ill-fated Chicago, will lose none of the architectural beauty of its predecessor by the adoption of such designs, while a second destruction, by a like cause, would be made an impossibility.

#### WOMAN AT THE OAR.

PADDLE your own canoe," is doubtless capital counsel in the concrete. Lately, lovely woman has taken it literally, and, refusing to be considered the weaker sex, bares her beauteous biceps, and "pitches in" among the aquatic roughs in the most amphibious style. This, we humbly defer, is by no means what those addicted to city government would denominate "too thin!" On the contrary, it is entirely too *thick*, both morally and muscularly considered. It has long been our old-fogy idea that whenever a young female puts herself before the gaze of "horrid men" in any *outré* fashion, and for any purpose than quiet admiration, that she is in some sort unsexed. When this benefaction is offered from the seat of a wherry, or between a pair of sculls, it forces upon the mind instantaneous comparison with the brawniest—not to say the roughest—of the *genus homo*. Nothing can be prettier (perhaps) than this young female in her proper place: nothing uglier in an improper one.

It is not a pretty picture to imagine a tender Angelica, in the preparatory stages of her training, fixing her trots and being scraped down. It is not conducive to palpitation to count the corns on the once rosy palm that reposes in ours on the doorstep—the hour, twelve p. m. And it promotes fear far more than tenderness to note the palpable hardening of the *biceps* that rests against our own *extensor*, coming from church of nights.

Then, how awful to contemplate another almost certain result of long aquatic experience. Picture the once adored Angelica removing her killing sailor-hat with the blue ribbon, depositing therein a well "chawed" quid, and replacing both upon the glossy plaits, as she once more bends to her oar.

Moreover, it is a physiological fact that developing the shoulder and chest muscles, to inordinate degree, ruins the "female form divine," and leaves its lines of beauty (?) anything but a curve. Proof of this may be daily found, O gentle doubter! both here and abroad among such working-women as habitually handle heavy weights. Look upon them, Angelica, and be warned in time! Save your hands and your contours at the expense of your biceps and humerus. Beyond all question, *Grace* is your own; and he were indeed a brute who denied you every attribute of *Darling*; but remember that only peculiar surroundings can make a combination of the two useful and attractive. There are many exercises, besides those of your piano, that are good for you; but scales on the latter are better than the same on your taper hands. We, perverse black-coated bipeds, are easier knocked down

with a feather than a fist; you lose your strength with us in compound ratio as you lose your weakness. Wherefore, O Angelica! beat your oar into a rolling-pin; if you meddle with any, let it be the sauce-boat; and avoid practice on any but the numb-skulls around you.

Owing to the unprecedented pressure upon our columns, in consequence of the illustrations and descriptions of the great Chicago fire and the commencement of our new serial romance, we are obliged to omit this week the usual installment of Annie Thomas's highly interesting novel, "Maud Mohan." It will be resumed in our next.

THE Prussian Minister of Justice is elaborating a bill making civil marriage obligatory in all cases—in other words, declaring all marriages void that are not contracted under the sanction and regulation of the civil power. This has long been the law in France, and it would be a great step in the march of progress if the same rule were adopted by all civilized nations.

PROFESSOR TIEFDENKEN, of Glessen, Germany, pleads for the assembly of an International Congress to exchange ideas on the various cuisines of Europe and America. He remarks, very justly, that it is by no means usually through the national frontier-towns standing in the closest proximity to each other that the best ideas of neighboring lands filter into the minds of their respective populations.

COLONEL LEWIS W. WASHINGTON, the head of a branch of the family to which the first President belonged, died on October 1st, after a brief illness, of congestive fever, at his residence near Harper's Ferry, West Virginia. He will be remembered as the most conspicuous of the gentlemen who were seized and held as hostages by John Brown in his famous raid on Harper's Ferry in October, 1859. He possessed a valuable collection of the relics of Washington; among others, the elegant sword sent by Frederick the Great, with the inscription, "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest."

MR. JOEL MUNSELL, of Albany, is one of those fanatical publishers who deliberately choose a line of works whose sale is in inverse proportion to their merit. In consonance with this character, he announces a volume by Mr. E. M. Rittenber, entitled, "The Indian Tribes of Hudson's River: their Origin, Manners and Customs, Traditions, Tribal and Sub-tribal Organizations, Political Relations, Wars, and Final Displacement"; and another, by Prof. John Johnston, "A History of the Towns of Bristol and Bremen, in the State of Maine, including the Ancient English Settlement of Pemaquid."

#### NEW BOOKS, ETC., RECEIVED.

FROM CHAS. SCRIBNER & Co.: "Short Studies on Great Subjects," a second series of essays by J. A. Froude; "Shooting, Boating and Fishing," a book for boys; "The Blockade of Phalsburg," "John Jennings's Journal," and "Wonders of European Art."

FROM T. B. PETERSON & Bros.: "Davenport Dunn," the second vol. of "Hans Briemann's Ballads," "Countess of Monte Cristo," "Tried for Her Life," "The Iron Mask," "The Last Alduin," "Horace Templeton," "The Sowers' Reward," "Edmund Dante," and "Palaces and Prisons" by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

FROM WOOLWORTH AINSWORTH & Co.: "The Federal Government, its Officers and their Duties," by R. H. Gillet.

FROM CHICK & ANDREWS: "Mount Washington in Winter."

FROM ROBERTS BROTHERS: "Songs of the Sierras" by Joaquin Miller.

FROM L. PRANG & Co.: "Lashed to the Shroud," a fine chromolithograph after Kaufmann, showing Admiral Farragut in the upper rigging of his ship when going into action in Mobile Bay; also a life-size and very beautiful chromo of Murillo's Madonna, and "Desert No. 2," after R. D. Wilkie.

#### SCIENTIFIC.

THERE is on exhibition at the Institute Fair, in New York, a stone-centre emery-wheel, which is said to weigh two thousand pounds, the largest emery-wheel ever known to be made.

A PRUSSIAN engineer has invented a machine which will manufacture ice without chemicals, merely by compression and expulsion of air. The specimen machine now at New York makes two tons of ice per day, and the capacity can be increased to twenty tons.

A FOREIGN scientific paper states that Professor J. R. Hind, Fellow of the Royal Society of London, has calculated the Ephemeris for Greenwich mean time of Tuttle's Comet, which will be visible during this and next month. According to Professor Luther, of Berlin, its next perihelion passage will occur about the 30th of November.

Two Germans in Port Schuyler, N.Y., are now engaged in the construction of an automatic machine which will wholly eclipse every curiosity of the kind ever conceived. They have been at work on it now nearly an entire year, and they expect to have it done in about six months. It will occupy a stage nearly twenty feet square; and some idea of its immensity and intricacy may be conceived when we say that there will be nearly five thousand figures, most of them movable, connected with the machine. We ourselves should say that the conception is too vast to be successfully carried out, but the two build-

ers say that they have the plans fully formed, and that there is no doubt whatever of the perfect working of the machine. All the principal scenes of the Old and New Testament will be represented in it—such as Noah and the Ark, the building of the Tower of Babel, Abraham offering sacrifice, Moses bringing Israel out of Egypt, Israel passing through the Red Sea, the drowning of Pharaoh, Samson's death, Elijah fed by the ravens, the birth of Christ, raising the dead to life, Jesus walking on the sea, washing the disciples' feet, the crucifixion, resurrection, ascension and many others. In respect to the Bible, it will be almost a reproduction of the scenes there described, and as an adjunct of Sunday-school work, almost invaluable. All the great battles, naval engagements, sieges and assaults of profane history are to be represented, and many other curious scenes depicted. Sixteen miles of various kinds are in operation. In fact, we cannot begin to describe the wonders which the automaton is destined to do, if the conception of the builders are fully realized.

A PATENT has been applied for, for a locomotive fire-plugging machine. Heretofore, in case of a fire bursting, it has been necessary to stop the engine, put out the fire, and allow the boiler to cool, before the fire could be plugged, involving the detention of the train from two to three hours. By means of this machine the engineer is enabled to insert the plug, and drive it into the flue, without even shutting off steam or retarding the train a moment.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### Lady Burdett-Coutts.

This lady, distinguished not less for her grand works of benevolence and charity than for her immense wealth, is the youngest daughter of the celebrated Sir Francis Burdett, and granddaughter, on her mother's side, of the wealthy banker, Thomas Coutts. The banker married for his second wife the well-known actress, Miss Mellon, to whom, at his death, he bequeathed the whole of his immense fortune, amounting to about five million dollars. The widow afterward married the Duke of St. Albans, and upon her death left her entire fortune to the subject of this sketch, then Miss Angela Burdett, who thereupon assumed the name of Burdett-Coutts. This princely inheritance came into her possession in 1837, she being then about twenty-three years of age. She has remained unmarried, devoting her life and a large portion of her immense fortune to numerous works of benevolence in her own as well as foreign lands, especially to improving the condition of the London poor. The Queen has lately persuaded her to accept the title of Baroness—a well-merited distinction, and a graceful acknowledgment of her good deeds at the hands of her sovereign—but her highest title is derived from those deeds themselves, which will cause her name to fill a niche in history along with Howard, Wilberforce, Nightingale, Peabody, and other illustrious benefactors of the human race.

##### Besieged at Michaelmas.

In England the habit of eating a goose at Michaelmas is analogous to our American custom of eating turkey on Thanksgiving Day. The custom is of ancient origin, and probably originated from the simple fact that stubble-geese were in perfection just at the time when the conclusion of harvest rendered a feast especially welcome. The fact that Queen Elizabeth was eating a goose when the news of the destruction of the Spanish Armada arrived, no doubt popularized the habit, but it existed long before her reign. Nowadays, the middle and upper classes live so luxuriously at all times, that special feast days are rather despised, while the poor man, who still enjoys the anticipation of roast goose, prefers his treat at Christmas. Our illustration represents an occurrence not unusual among the goose family at this time of year. Papa Goose fancies that the wayfarer must necessarily covet his lovely goslings, and so he summons the whole tribe to the rescue. Sometimes they are not content with hissing, and we have seen a terrified nursemaid in one of the parks run a hundred yards or more with an infuriated goose holding on by his bill to her skirt. She had unwittingly passed within a disrespectfully short distance of the family nest.

##### Pilgrims at the Holy Well.

There is much to interest the visitor to Galway, especially in the magnificent coast scenery. The population, too, which partakes strongly of the old Milesian stamp, still retains some of the picturesque features of olden times. In the Claddagh, a suburb entirely inhabited by fishermen—who form an independent community governed by their own laws—the ancient costume, which reminds the traveler of Spain, may still be seen. The holiday dress of the men consists of a blue jacket, blue plush breeches, with a red handkerchief round the neck, while the women wear a blue mantle and a red body-gown, and petticoat. These fisher-folk are devout Catholics, and we may fairly suppose that the Pilgrims at the Holy Well hail from the Claddagh. Our artist informs us that the well in question is on the seashore, within a foot or two of high-water mark. The women were most attentive to their devotions, counting their beads with the greatest assiduity, but the half-grown girl, or child, would occasionally stop and take a good look at any passer-by. The fame of these wells, says Mrs. S. C. Hall, is undoubtedly coeval with the introduction of Christianity, while that of some probably preceded it, the early Christian teachers having, it is believed, merely changed the object of worship, leaving the altars of idolatry unbroken and undisturbed. Such holy wells are to be found in nearly all the parishes of the kingdom; they are generally betokened by rude crosses immediately above them, by fragments of cloth, and bits of rags of all colors, hung upon the neighboring bushes and left as memorials. Sometimes the crutches of convalescent visitors are bequeathed as offerings, and not unfrequently small buildings for prayer and shelter have been raised above and around them.

Opening of the Mont Cenis Tunnel.—Country People Watching for the Train. Arrival of the Inauguration Train.—Modane, the Terminus on the French side.

The Mont Cenis Tunnel, as it is still called, from Modane, in Savoy, to Bardonnèche, in Piedmont, bored through seven miles and a half thickness of mountain, in the manner heretofore described, by the science and skill of native engineers and the labor of native workmen, since 1857, was formally opened on September 17th, ult. The tunnel had been traversed by several previous trains a day or two before, so that the party from Turin, coming by the "inauguration" train, easily went through from Bardonnèche to Modane in less than half an hour, the train being

actually in the tunnel only twenty-one minutes. All the way from Turin, along the line of railroad, crowds of people from the neighboring villages saluted the special train with hearty cheers, with flags displayed and bands of music. On the other side, in Savoy, there were similar demonstrations of popular feeling; and a few of the local militia, in their uniform, mingled with the peasantry in their rustic attire, made a picturesque group here and there by the roadside. These the artist has sketched, as they stood waiting for the train; and he gives us an illustration of the arrival of the train conveying the invited guests, and of the scene at the grand banquet which formed part of the festivities of the occasion. The first special train, at half-past ten o'clock, conveyed the Italian Ministers of State, and other high official personages, to meet the French Minister of Commerce, M. Victor Lefranc, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, and other distinguished Frenchmen, at Modane. The French deputation then joined the Italians, and came with them, in the same train, back through the tunnel to Bardonnèche. Here they were entertained, with a large company of guests, at a grand banquet in a handsome pavilion, 600 feet long and 50 feet wide, which, as well as the waiting room and ante-chamber, was hung with cloth of bright colors, the French and Italian tricolors beautifully streaming from the roof. The banqueting-hall was thrown open; the guests sat down wherever they pleased, only the table at the end being reserved for the French deputation and their most distinguished Italian entertainers. Our third illustration in connection with this subject is a representation of the town of Modane, in Savoy, which has recently become an object of much interest in consequence of being situated in close proximity to the mouth of the tunnel on the French side.

#### PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

BISMARCK manages to rub along on \$200,000 a year.

COLFAX says cundurango is not a humbug. But who will say as much for Colfax?

DON CARLOS, of Spain, is living at Geneva, Switzerland.

COW-CATCHERS are now placed on the bows of Mississippi steamboats, the water is so low.

In addition to its other troubles, Peru lately received fifty copies of "What I Know About Farming."

CHANCELLOR WYETH, of Virginia, it is said, had six students in his office, who afterward became Presidents of the United States.

HERKIMER, N. Y., ships annually over 17,000,000 pounds of cheese, and 300,000 pounds of butter.

THE phrase, "You know how it is yourself," has been traced to Shakespeare. The idea is found in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act II., Scene 2.

A POOR girl has died in Virginia from the use of tobacco, at the age of one hundred. She was an orphan.

A PRUSSIAN shell was recently recovered from the Seine, in Paris, which was found to contain \$200 in gold coin.

PAYMASTER HODGE has been dismissed the service and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor. He is to be sent to the Albany Penitentiary.

THE President has appointed John Morrissey, Jr., to a third lieutenantcy in the revenue service. Does this mean that U. S. G. has received a present from the tiger?

M. DOMBROWSKI, who led the mob in its attack on the German residents in Lyons, has been tried and sentenced to two months' imprisonment and a fine of 100 francs.

THE copper, nickel and bronze coinage redeemed at the Mint during September was over \$46,000. The total amount redeemed under the act of March 3d, 1871, is nearly a third of a million of dollars.

PROFESSOR TENNY, of Dartmouth College, has recently completed a list of 163 bright lines in the spectrum of the chromosphere, only 30 of which were previously known.

MINISTER DE LONG has had an audience and a state dinner with the Mikado of Japan, as Minister Extraordinary from the Kingdom of Hawaii. He has gone to Hakodadi to investigate the irregularities in the American Consulate there.

REV. WILLIAM WHITE HOWE was consecrated Assistant Bishop of South Carolina, at St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, October 8th. The sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of Litchfield, England. A number of American bishops took part in the consecration services.

MRS. BARRY, of the Boston Children's Mission, is said, during a year's time, to have made 1,561 visits to the poor; to have lined and trimmed 100 hats and bonnets; to have cut out 551 garments; and to have made two visits to another State, where she found homes for nineteen destitute children.

THE Wilmington (N. C.) *Star* says rattlesnakes were never before known to be so numerous in that section of North Carolina as they have been during the past and present season. One was killed a few days since in Brunswick County which measured six feet in length, and had twelve rattles.

PRIVATE intelligence, coming from a trustworthy source, announces that the ex-Emperor Napoleon will settle permanently in England, at Chislehurst, where his household has just been increased in view of a permanent residence there. Many of his retainers, whose services were dispensed with after the disaster at Sedan, have been recalled, and the saddle-horses which Napoleon rode during the war, and which were at the Chateau of Arenenberg, in Switzerland, were lately taken aboard a vessel at Ostend, on their way to Chislehurst.

A SWARM of bees have been sent by mail from Lancaster, Pa., to Washington. The means employed for their transit consisted of a block of wood about six inches in length, four inches wide, and about an inch and a quarter thick. Four holes, about an inch in circumference, were bored through the block with an auger, in each of which were confined a queen bee and some half-dozen others, the foundation for a colony or hive. Each end of the auger-hole was protected by a wire screen, affording plenty of good ventilation. The postage amounted to twenty-one cents.

A NORWICH paper tells a curious story. It says: "There was recently exhumed from the garret of an up-town mansion a curiosity of no little local as well as general antiquarian interest—namely, the veritable music-book which Benedict Arnold used and sung from, when he was a young man and resident of this town. The book, now in possession of Gordon Ford, of Brooklyn, through presentation of Daniel Colt, has Arnold's name written in a bold, clear hand across the title-page, while the music, also manuscript, is written, in part, in Arnold's hand, and a part, doubtless, by his mother. The latter was a good woman, and letters from her to her son are extant, in which she exhorts him to flee temptation, and live a godly and upright life."

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



ENGLAND.—LADY BURDETT COUTTS, THE EMINENT PHILANTHROPIST.



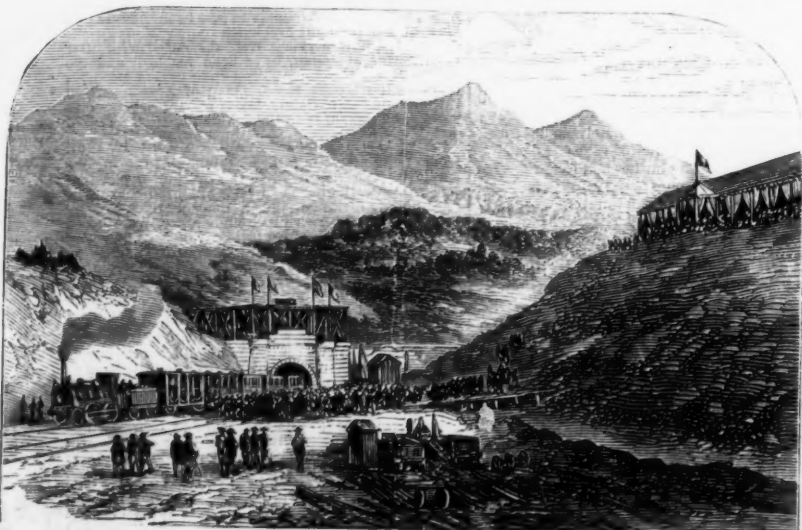
ENGLAND.—BESIEGED AT MICHAELMAS—AN INCIDENT OF THE SEASON.



IRELAND.—PILGRIMS AT THE HOLY WELL, CONNEMARA.



ITALY.—OPENING OF MONT CÉNIS TUNNEL—COUNTRY PEOPLE AWAITING THE FIRST TRAIN.



ITALY.—OPENING OF MONT CÉNIS TUNNEL—ARRIVAL OF THE INAUGURATION TRAIN.



FRANCE.—VIEW OF MODANE, THE FRENCH TERMINUS OF MONT CÉNIS TUNNEL.



THE GREAT FIRE AT CHICAGO.—SCENE IN COURT-HOUSE SQUARE—THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN FLAMES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR CHICAGO CORRESPONDENT.—SEE NEXT PAGE.



THE GREAT FIRE AT CHICAGO.—SCENE IN DEARBORN STREET WHEN THE FIRE REACHED THE TREMONT HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

## SEVENTEEN.

SWEET brow, upturn; hand, close the book;  
White thumb and finger, tear no more  
The shining leaves that win a look  
From the old bard's enchanting lore.  
A Summer noon, asleep and still;  
A high-arched sky and shadeless croft:  
And thou entranced! Ascend the hill  
To yonder pines, and muse at will.  
'Neath cushions cooling low and soft.

No need, like those Venetian dames,  
To ask the sun to gild thy hair;  
'Tis very gold! Thy pure face claims  
At fierce noontide a nicer care.  
The panting lark hides from the heat,  
The thrush flutes not in the grove,  
Through the dry air with languid beat  
The brown bee twangs. Awake, my sweet!  
I'll tell thy fortune—and thy love.

Ah, I was right! Your radiant eyes,  
And kindling cheek and beating heart,  
And lips that stir in shy surprise,  
I see the cherished secret start.  
Deem not the reading sibylline;  
From what has been to what shall be,  
I trace my shrewd prophetic line;  
And, hst! Thy life I intertwine  
With one whose life is on the sea.

## THE TORNADO OF FIRE.

DESTRUCTION OF THE WESTERN  
METROPOLIS

## SCENES DURING THE CONFLAGRATION.

## PUBLIC SYMPATHY FOR A PUBLIC WOE.

NEVER since the days of the Roman conquests and reverses has the great fire-fiend held such high carnival as at the Garden City of the West. The growth of the city was so rapid and substantial, its location as a commercial centre so advantageous, and its devastation so rapid, that it is not only difficult but painful to write that the Chicago of fair promise is no more. And even in tracing these words, there is a hesitation; for, in spite of the untold losses of property and capital, there are thousands of far-seeing business men still left, who, with the aid and sympathy of the entire country, will speedily enable the city, like a second phoenix, to rise from the ashes of to-day.

Like the great London fire, this calamity commenced on Sunday. The drouth which had prevailed for many weeks throughout the Northwest rendered the frame-buildings a mass of tinder, and the high wind that was sweeping over the district fanned the unfortunate sparks into the most appalling conflagration of modern times.

## With the various theories of

## THE ORIGIN OF THE FIRE,

the exact cause may never be determined; yet the probability of greatest credence is this: At a late hour on Sunday evening, an Irishwoman entered a barn, on the corner of Twelfth and De Koven Streets, near the river, to milk a cow. For several years she was a pensioner on the bounty of the county. The relief agent helped her because her appearance indicated great poverty. About one year ago, it was accidentally discovered, she was the owner of six milk cows. Then the agent refused to assist her further. She was in the habit of visiting her cows every evening. On Sunday night she took the lamp in her hand, and went out to the barn. Wishing to obtain some salt from the house, she set the lamp down to go after it. During her absence the lamp was overturned and the kerosene escaping, became ignited, and communicated the flames to the straw. What, therefore, might have been readily extinguished with a pail of water, was the cause of the fearful devastation. It will be remembered that on the night previous there had been a fire, which at one time threatened serious consequences, but the firemen subdued the flames and the citizens slumbered on in quietude.

On Sunday night, however, the firemen, exhausted with the exertions of the previous evening, appeared unable to work with their customary alacrity, and the apparatus for arresting the flames were subject to a painful delay. Then the wind was heightened by a spurge from the southwest, until it assumed the proportion of a terrific gale. Sparks and flaming brands were borne far from the scene of labor; the flames, elongated by the swift current into grasping tongues, stretched from roof to roof, and quickly licked the dry shingles into roaring fires. This was probably the only locality in the city where

## EVERYTHING INVITED DISASTER,

being built up almost entirely of inflammable structures occupied by carpenters, cabinet-makers and varnish manufacturers. The inability of the firemen to stay the progress of the fire becoming apparent, the citizens began to leave their houses and join in the work. Nothing appeared to favor these efforts; the wind howled dismally, and the flames leaped and danced from building to building in bold defiance of man's powers.

The only house left standing on the block where the fire first broke out, was the one occupied by the old Irishwoman. On Monday afternoon she sat on her front door-step, moaning bitterly because the fire had burned up her cows. She was too ignorant to understand what a calamity had overtaken the proud city of the West through her own carelessness.

No streets were too broad for the fire to cross. Buildings were torn down, but the flames descended long enough to spread a mantle of destruction over the ruins, and then soared to other structures, blistered and smoking with

heat. The firemen and citizens labored with the utmost zeal, but the fiend rode the contest, and plunged toward the Chicago River.

Here, hope came to the rescue, for there seemed no possibility of the flames crossing to the business portion of the city. But stout hearts soon grew faint. With a hiss of defiance and a roar of victory, the long, glaring fingers clutched the tackle, shrouds and yard-arms of the shipping, then reached down to the holds, and across from one to another, until it seemed that

## THE RIVER ITSELF WAS BURNING.

Over the wharves and along the Adams Street Bridge the flames ran, taking the direction, as if anticipating more co-operation, of the gas-works, which were soon entirely destroyed. While reaping this dreadful harvest, another branch of the conflagration reached Clark Street, on which were located some of the most substantial business and civic buildings in the country. The stately Court-House, which had occupied twenty years in erection, bowed and crumbled before the foe, as if aware of the fruitlessness of offering resistance. Scarcely a half-hour passed, when a huge sheet of fire, with borders of heavy, black smoke-clouds, settled upon the Sherman House, opposite, and in a flash a storm of cinders and brands from the Court-House rained on the roof and against the facade. The flames curled about the windows for a moment, then burst through the roof, and, bending to the wind, took in their grasp the adjoining buildings.

When the panic-stricken citizens saw the most substantial structures succumb in turn,

## THE EXCITEMENT WAS INTENSE

beyond expression. Mayor Mason telegraphed to sister cities for relief, especially fire-engines; and General Sheridan, who, true to his courageous nature, was constantly in the hottest localities, hastened to organize a military force to render additional assistance. By five o'clock on Monday afternoon the flames had swept an area of four miles long by one mile wide, extending from the river to the lake, and from Harrison Street, in the south, to Division Street, in the north.

All wholesale stores, all retail establishments, the Post-Office, the Court-House, the Chamber of Commerce, every hotel in the South Division except Michigan Avenue Hotel—which, standing on the extreme southern limit, escaped, though it is badly scorched—every newspaper office (the Tribune building which was supposed to be fire-proof, having finally fallen), every theatre, the six largest elevators, the immense depôts of the Michigan Southern and of the Illinois Central Railroads, and the freight depôts of the Chicago and St. Louis, the Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroads, more than a score of churches, and much of the shipping in the river—all were destroyed.

When the fire seized upon Lake Street, overlapping the magnificent stores and warehouses which extended from the lake to the river, and igniting them and all their costly contents as if they were so much tinder,

## A HORRIBLE SIGHT WAS PRESENTED,

for now the thousands were hemmed in between the fire and the river.

The stampede was sickening beyond the power of words to tell. Men and horses were jammed on the bridges, women and children clinging alike to each other and the most precious of their household effects; some of them, with the clothes nearly torn from their bodies, ran blindly about, screaming and moaning.

Meanwhile the firemen, both of Chicago and neighboring cities, were exerting themselves to the utmost, though, as may readily be imagined, the fury of the fire and the excitement of the crowd were such as to prevent any good effects. During Monday, building after building fell in; the roar and heat and smoke increased continually; the streets were crowded with homeless people surging to and fro, wearied in body, despairing in spirit, not knowing where to turn for rest, and afraid to stand still. All hope of saving the city departed. General Sheridan, thinking there was a possibility of arresting the fire, determined on

## TREATING THE FLAMES WITH POWDER,

and had a train laid along Wabash Avenue and Congress Street, in the South Division, which, being ignited, demolished many buildings and opened a gap, exciting hopes that the terrible fiend was crippled beyond recovery. Later in the day, however, the wind veered around, and commenced driving the partially subdued flames back, and southward; but in the evening a heavy rain-storm came on, which extinguished the great conflagration, after it had laid waste the entire business portion and the finest private residences of the city.

## LOSSES BY THE FIRE.

An approximate estimate of the total losses is about two hundred millions of dollars. The area burned over is more than two thousand acres. The number of buildings burned is not below twenty thousand. Intelligent citizens of Chicago say that the loss of human life from fire, from drowning in the river, in the effort to escape, and from other causes traceable to the fire, will not fall short of one thousand or one thousand five hundred lives, if that will cover the entire number, when an accurate account can be rendered. There are about one hundred thousand persons in need of relief.

It is estimated in the Internal Revenue office that the collections in Chicago will be decreased by the fire over four millions of dollars during the present fiscal year. In order to afford relief, as far as possible, the Acting Commissioner of Internal Revenue has directed that all claims for refunding taxes claimed to have been erroneously paid for Chicago claimants, be acted on without delay.

It has been ascertained, from official reports, that 50,000,000 feet of lumber were destroyed, leaving 24,000,000 feet still on hand.

At the time of the fire, the vaults of the Sub-Treasury contained the sum of \$2,000,000, the greater part of which was coin, but at our latest advices, the exact condition of the safes was not known.

## INCIDENTS OF THE CALAMITY.

From a host of eye-witnesses we have received particulars of the disaster, which are of the most appalling character. A correspondent, who was stopping at the Tremont House, watched a portion of the fire from the roof. A strong wind was blowing at the time, and yet the flames seemed to go in all directions, like an expanding scythe, mowing great and increasing swaths with frightful rapidity. The flames were, in some places, like huge waves, dashing to and fro, leaping up and down, turning and twisting, and pouring, now and then, a great column of smoke and blaze hundreds of feet into the air, like a solid, perpendicular shaft of molten metal. In other places it would dart out long streaks, like mammoth anacondas, with hissing fiery tongues. Then these serpentine shapes would swoop down over the blazing path into the yet unburnt buildings, which seemed pierced, and kindled instantaneously. There were also billows of flame, that rolled along like water, submerging everything in its course. Sometimes the air would be full of sparks, and gusts of wind would float them, like flocks of fire-birds, hither and thither.

The streets were thronged with people flying for their lives. Children were carried, screaming with terror; women were shrieking, men shouting, and all running. Some of the old and sick and helpless were carried on stretchers—some apparently demented or stupefied were dragged along. Close to their heels, in hot pursuit, came the belching, roaring and crackling flames. In some places they actually advanced as fast as a man ran.

Here and there, when some tall building became sheeted in flame, the walls would weaken and waver like India-rubber. It was wonderful how they sometimes swayed almost across the street, and immediately fell with a loud crash; then a momentary darkness, and afterward fresh glares of light from some newly-kindled fire. The kerosene-oil stores made an awful yet sublime spectacle, as the flames seemed to penetrate the very clouds.

The huge iron reservoir of the gas-works exploded with tremendous force and sound, demolishing several adjacent buildings. The very earth seemed actually belching out fire, flame and smoke, as though the world itself was to be swallowed up in the conflagration. In many cases persons jumped from the windows; two children were tied up in beds, thrown from the fourth-story window, and landed on the pavement uninjured. There were groups of all classes of people in the streets—some hatless, coatless, barefoot and shivering. Some of these were of the wealthier class. They were indeed shelterless, homeless, poverty-stricken, and broken-hearted. The agony of mind in some cases, where relatives were searching hopelessly for missing ones, was pitiable to witness. No one saved anything. There was no chance. Trunks were taken to the streets, but there they were left. The suffering on the north side was heart-rending to witness. Fifty thousand men, women and children huddled together like so many wild animals; and in other places seventeen thousand Germans, Scandinavian and Irish, praying for relief; helpless children asking for bread; heart-broken parents who knew not which way to turn or what to say, and nothing to do but await the distribution of supplies—which at that time was a slow proceeding, as there were parts of districts over which it was almost impossible to travel—presented indeed a harrowing scene.

Among the sad sights of the calamity was the appearance of hundreds of men and boys beasty intoxicated around the thoroughfares of the North Division, where saloon-keepers' stocks of liquors were turned into the street and furnished convenient opportunity for the gratification of their slavish propensities; and there can hardly be any doubt that many of these poor wretches found their death in the flames from which they were too helpless to escape.

In Wabash and Michigan Avenues, and in all the places where the richer class of citizens live, when the fire came, the distress was awful. Women who had never known what a care was, and consequently were, as one would suppose, utterly incapable of bearing with equanimity such a calamity as the destruction of their homes, then displayed instances of heroism and love worthy to be sung in story. A prominent lady of Wabash Avenue had been deserted by her servants as soon as it became certain that the house was doomed; they had gone off, taking with them whatever they could lay their hands on. She, her daughter, and her invalid husband, were alone in the house, and the flames were rapidly approaching. There was not a moment to spare, and the two women actually carried away in their arms the sick man, and brought him in safety beyond the reach of the fire.

For miles and miles, in every direction, the sidewalks, lawns, vacant lots, and front yards of dwellings, were filled with people who had escaped from burning houses, taking with them only a scanty amount of furniture and clothing.

Men, driven by that blind instinct which makes them, though hopeless, return to the scene of that disaster which has ruined them, sought the spots where once their homes had stood, and sitting down on some pieces of fallen timber, actually wept and wrung their hands in anguish.

One of these wretched beings sought his home, and, in stepping on a half-charred beam, caused it to spring up, and from beneath it came a sickly odor. He made a turn and pried away the timber, and saw beneath it the dead body of his son, a young man of about

twenty years of age, who, probably returning to the house to save something he prized, had fallen in the flames and been burned to death—roasted alive.

On this awful night, above even the roar of the flames and the crash of falling timbers, could be heard the shrieks of the horses, ringing out in the night air. They would not be driven away, but, stupefied with fear, fell down in their stables, and were roasted alive, and the sickening stench of burning flesh was added to the indescribable and nauseating odor which always accompanies burning buildings when water has been showered upon them. One splendid team, attached to a coach, ran over the Van Buren Street Bridge, which had been charred and weakened; just as the mad horses had passed the centre, it gave way, and they plunged down through the lurid glare into the scarlet river below.

More than one-half the population were pushing through the streets in vehicles, obtained at enormous prices, on foot, and in every other way, with the choicest household treasures in their arms and on their backs, in utter confusion, not knowing whither to go. Full one hundred thousand people were homeless and houseless, not knowing where to lay their heads, or get anything to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

General Sheridan telegraphed to the U. S. Army Dépot at St. Louis for several hundred thousand rations and a large quantity of tents, besides many companies of soldiers, to help preserve order.

As the fire spread, telegraph offices were improvised at various points, and Mayor Mason was in constant receipt of messages from all parts of the country, offering sympathy, money, provisions and clothing.

The most pitiable sights were the sick children, half dead, lying crouched on the sidewalks, in many cases with barely any covering on them. A pathetic scene was noticed on the corner of La Salle and Randolph Streets, where two little girls were lying terror-stricken by the side of their dead sister, whose remains presented a harrowing spectacle. She had been too late to escape from under a falling building on Clark Street, and had been extricated and carried to the corner by her almost dead sisters.

At the Tremont House the elevator became useless, and the sleeping guests, with a large number of babies, hurried downstairs. The removal of trunks and the hurrying of domestics impeded the passages. Several persons, in their eagerness, jumped over the banisters and limped away. Others in their haste left beneath their pillows watches and money, only discovering their losses when they had reached the Michigan Central Dépot—then supposed to be a perfectly safe place. A crowd of persons hastened thither, some carrying beds, some sewing-machines, and one lady had six canary birds in a cage in one hand and an immense family Bible in the other. She said: "I was determined to bring these off, if I lost all the rest." Another young woman was seen carrying two large paintings, evidently those of her father and mother. She was but partially clad, and amongst all her household wealth, sought to preserve these filial mementoes as being to her most precious.

Several incidents combine the pathetic with the ridiculous. An Irishwoman was seen tugging along a half-grown pig, which kicked and squealed with all its might, until the panting female, overcome by the flames, abandoned the animal to its fate. A colored woman shouldered her week's washing in a huge wicker-basket, and grabbed with the other hand a frying-pan and some muffin-rings. Huge cinders fell on the clean, starched clothes and set them smoking. In this way the woman, already half-beside herself with terror, trudged along for several blocks, until the burning rags fell upon her neck and caused her to look around. With a howl of dismay and an expression of horror that can never be reproduced she dropped her burden and fled for dear life. An immense Dutchman trundled a wheelbarrow along, loaded with a keg of lager-beer, some sausages and clothing. His wife and children followed, all laden with sundry articles, two dogs bringing up the rear. He tolled and puffed along until the approach of the flames rendered more rapid flight necessary. The wheelbarrow was then abandoned, but not until the beer-keg was opened and a parting drink was taken all around.

One of our artists noticed a strong man sitting upon a wayside box weeping like a child, his wife meanwhile cheerily boiling coffee with some bits of the unalid Nicolson pavement, and his children playing hide and seek among the cast-out wares.

A thousand people found, not shelter, but relief from the dread of perishing with thirst, by encamping about an artesian well, some four miles from the city, and here they passed the night; others went to the borders of the lake, but nearly all were without anything approaching to shelter, and so in cold and hunger they waited for the morning.

During the excitement, and while the frenzy was at its height, a man well known in the city as one who preached infidel sermons on door-steps and corners, ran through the crowd wringing his hands as if in agony, and wailing and shouting: "Where is God now! Where is God now! Show us the angels!" He was subsequently arrested and placed in confinement by the police.

While there are many instances of generous devotion on the part of rich and poor in dividing with the destitute, there are painful instances of meanness and selfishness. One person was trying to remove valuable papers from an office, and asked two firemen to help him, but they refused unless he paid them \$50. The papers were destroyed. Drivers of express-wagons have taken \$100, and even \$500, for an hour's use of their vehicles in getting distressed people away from danger.

One of the most pitiful sights was that of a middle-aged woman on State Street, loaded with bundles, struggling through a crowd, singing the Mother Goose melody, "Chickery, Chickery, Crany Crow, I went to the well to wash my toe," etc. There were hundreds of others likewise distracted, and made desperate by whisky or beer—which from excess of thirst they drank, in absence of water, in great quantities—who spread themselves in every direction, a terror to all they met.

Forty-one persons were shot in making arrests on the night of the 10th. The station-house was filled with prisoners. The police continued for several days to capture thieves, burglars, and incendiaries. They generally dealt with them in a summary manner, thus preventing them from causing further trouble.

About 500 people escaped on a barge, which fortunately lay in one of the slips in the river. They floated out and down to a pier, whence a steamer towed them out in the lake, where they remained until the following day.

On Chicago Avenue, a father rushed up-stairs to carry three children away, when he was overtaken by the flames and perished with them. The mother was afterward seen on the street, in the northwest side, a raving maniac.

A spark alighted on the Roman Catholic church in the West Division, and in an instant the roof and whole building were in flames. A man was taken out of one of the windows senseless, supposed to be the watchman.

Fifty people were consumed in a tenement-house at the corner of Indiana and Clark Streets, and their shrieks and groans were terrible enough.

On Dearborn Park, comprising an area of about three square miles, there were crowds of people, mostly of the lower classes, inhabitants of the tenement-houses, the children clinging to their parents and crying for bread and shelter, and the parents at their wits' ends to find either. Messrs. Phelps, Dodge & Co., and many other large clothing establishments, seeing that by no possibility could they save their goods, which had been moved to Dearborn Park, invited the public to help themselves—scores of persons were thus provided with winter outfits gratis.

A terrible scene was enacted on East Madison Street during the excitement. A man being caught in the act of setting fire to some building, he was conducted to a tree. The crowd determined to suspend the poor wretch by the feet. He was pinioned round the arms, the rope being meanwhile fastened to his feet. As this was done, the unhappy wretch begged that he might be allowed to die by strangulation. This was not permitted. The other end having been passed across the bough of the tree, he was tripped over, and hauled up, feet first. When his head was about three feet from the ground, the end of the rope was fastened round the trunk of the tree. Some fiend, not content with this, raised a huge stone, and dashed it with all his might at the head of the hanging man. Others participated in the horrible sport, and soon the head was not distinguishable.

In Halstead Street a youth about sixteen had been caught kindling a fire, with the intent of spreading the flames through the city. When last seen, he had one arm completely wrenched out of the socket, and was then being conducted to the place of his execution. The mob had got possession of these two last cases; but, as a rule, the hanging was done in a purely justifiable manner—no cruelty being used—merely to make an example to the other desperate characters.

The greatest possible generosity prevailed among the inhabitants, one man having divided his money no less than three times during Monday morning. Our informant met one of the Commissioners of the Board of Public Works who stood in the streets of Chicago after the destruction of his house, with a wife and family by his side, and all the money that he possessed in the world was \$2 that a friend had given him. This man had formerly been immensely wealthy.

It is computed in Chicago that 175,000 souls slept out in the prairies, without a stitch to cover them save their every-day apparel, on that soaking Tuesday night.

In the private office of Mr. Cowles, the business manager of the *Tribune*, was a large Krupp shell, a relic of the siege of Paris, which exploded, making a breach in the walls fifteen feet wide from the foundation to the roof.

On Monday night the poor were gathered in churches thrown open for their reception—wherever a church was left unburned. People fed them with baskets of food, which thoughtful kindness had prepared. Those who had homes unburned threw them open to friends and strangers.

It was feared at first that the entire collection of art in the Crosby Gallery was lost in the destruction of the Opera House, but Mr. Aiken, the superintendent, succeeded in removing the pictures.

Efforts were made as far as possible to gather the homeless women and children within the tunnel, and policemen were stationed at the mouth to prevent the entrance of other parties.

While the exodus from the burning south side was going on, over Lake and Randolph Street Bridges, an undertaker rushed across with a port of his stock. He was accompanied by three or four boys, each of whom grasped in his arms a coffin—a mournful suggestion that something of the kind must be saved for those who did not survive the terrible visitation.

Going on a trot up Wabash Avenue, threading its way among the carts, an artist saw a hearse, bearing two happy children within the plated parallel bars, with a woman on the driver's seat, and a rocking-chair, hoop-skirts and household utensils tied across the narrow top.

All the books and papers of the Historical Society, including the original copy of the famous emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln, for which the Society paid \$25,000, were destroyed.

It is feared that a large number of children, inmates of the Catholic Orphan Society, on

State Street, were burned to death, as many of them are missing.

The Relief Committee from Cincinnati quickly put the munificent contributions of that city into a shape which will not only prove of great practical benefit to the sufferers, but will make the assistance rendered permanent for the winter. They erected an immense soup-house, complete in all details, at the rear of the freight depot of the Great Eastern Railroad, in the vicinity of West Side. By Thursday they were ready to distribute six thousand gallons of soup daily. Shanties are built upon open lots in convenient localities, and made as comfortable as possible for temporary occupancy.

A cable dispatch has been received from the English Government, at Quebec, offering to Chicago all the military tents and blankets in the Dominion. Of the latter there are over five hundred thousand. Collections are to be taken up in all the churches for the relief of Chicago.

In Halstead Street there resided an old German, an almost helpless cripple, whose sole support was his wife and young son. The latter went away in the morning and did not return. The fire rapidly approached with deadly omen, and the old couple were not only distracted at the absence of the boy, but fearful of their possible fate. At last the flames came so near that they must fly or die. In the strength of her affection the old woman seized the poor cripple, placed him upon her back, and thus staggered along for the distance of two blocks, when some men placed him in a grocer's wagon and drew him to a place of safety.

By Sunday evening lawlessness and robbery were quite prevalent among certain of the inhabitants. A rough was seen with two chickens in one hand and a small pet dog under his other arm. Arrived at the corner of the street, he was questioned by the policeman on duty, upon which he deliberately turned round, put the dog down, and struck the policeman full in the face. Fortunately, another officer arrived, and struck the robber a heavy blow across the back of the head with his staff, when the cowardly villain ran off.

It is thought by many people in Chicago that the subsequent fires were, in numerous cases, caused by this class of persons, who, out of revenge to the police for some punishment, set fire to buildings directly the shades of night fell. Two men were detected firing a house in West Street, and were almost immediately hanged to a lamp-post.

In some quarters pillage became the order of the day and night. From this to direct and open defiance of the law the distance was but small, and we find a mob before the Court-House, yelling and hooting at the jailer, who did his duty by refusing to release prisoners confined within the building. They shouted to him that if he did not do as they wished, they would hang him; he had no fear for the safety of the building, and apparently made a sort of Casablanca of himself until the last moment, when it was too late to do what only the extremity of danger could excuse. He refused to let the prisoners go, and it is said that between fifty and sixty of them perished in the fire which shortly consumed their prison.

At the intersection of Randolph and Market Streets was a large building (Callom's) used for offices. The janitor resided on the fourth floor, with his family, consisting of a wife and four children. By some means they were unable to escape. Surrounded by fire, they ascended to the roof. The babe was in the mother's arms, and another child, a little boy, clung to her skirts. Two girls were clasped in the arms of the father. Their shouts were but faintly heard over the howl of the winds and the roar of the flames. At last the heat became so intense that the woman was overcome, and fell to the roof. The father wildly threw out his hands, staggered, writhed, and sank by his wife's side.

One among the thousand rumors that were flying thickly about—and the wildest, it would seem—was of the sudden vengeance that befell a bold thief. Seeing the cashier of one of the banks rush into his office as the flames were bearing almost upon the building, he watched his exit. It was not long before the official appeared with his arms full of money packages and bonds, and no sooner had he appeared than the thief prostrated him with a blow upon the side of the head, and grabbed a portion of the treasure. A policeman in an instant saw what was done, and grabbed the villain, who drew a pistol and shot the faithful officer through the heart, and then sprang through the excited crowd brandishing his pistol and endeavoring to make good his escape. But the sight, with all the surrounding circumstances, had maddened the bystanders to frenzy, and they fell upon the wretch like so many tigers, tearing him limb from limb, and literally disemboweling him.

The sickening sensation of Wednesday was the establishment of a Morgue for the exhumed remains of the mighty fire. This shocking repository is the hearse and carriage-room of a lower-class undertaker, situated on Hubbard Street, but a few blocks from the freight depot of the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway. It is little better than a barn, and yet is incorporated with the dwelling of the proprietor and the stable for his horses. At the far end of this room was a partitioned space, lighted by dirty, cobwebbed windows, and on the floor, arranged in rows, first all around the three sides and then down the middle, were the charred remains of seventy human beings. The first noticeable object of this dreadful company was the form of a Sister of some Roman Catholic Order, completely shrouded in her brown habit, with the cross and I. H. S. in white letters, stitched upon the bosom. The face was thickly veiled, and even the feet were carefully covered. "She was smothered but not burned," observed the grim master of ceremonies. There was one charred form of a woman, in the attitude of prayer, but every feature of the face was gone. The head was nothing but a black lump; the body, a hideous, blackened shape.

Some bodies of men could be distinguished by the remnants of clothing and boots, but nearly all traces of humanity were gone. Then there were remains of children and young people, but they, with the majority, were nothing more than mere blackened, charred corpses. Those whose limbs or arms remained, exhibited a supplicatory attitude, as if begging mercy of the destroyer. To this ghastly, hideous and melancholy spectacle were admitted, in little parties of four or five at a time, those who had friends or relatives missing. No language can describe the scenes of heartrending agony those grim visits elicited.

#### THE PUBLIC EXCITEMENT.

The spontaneity with which the entire country responded to the cries for assistance, exhibited the finest trait of human nature. From the lumber-lands, commercial marts, and manufacturing districts of the East, the recently impoverished South, the grain plateaus of the West, and the busy, sympathetic North; from friends across the Canadian border; from England, Berlin and Vienna—words of substantial cheer were borne on the wire to the suffering thousands in the unfortunate city. State legislatures, civil councils, social, public and ecclesiastical associations, vied with each other in collecting and dispatching means of relief. Railroad and steamboat companies tendered the free use of their facilities of transportation, and but one thought seemed to fill all minds—"Help for poor Chicago."

In New York city, grave apprehensions of a panic were manifested in mercantile circles. At the Stock Exchange, the excitement on Monday was intense. A tremendous storm seemed brewing, which might sweep away scores of first-class houses, and any number of third-rate ones; but on the following day there was an agreeable calm. In the neighborhood of the insurance offices, consternation was to be seen on every face. Fear of insolvency caused the most experienced officers to tremble for the safety of their companies, and it was deemed certain that the various associations of Chicago, besides many in other States, would fail to prove their solvency when the demands were made.

While insurance men were preparing their minds for the worst, and those whose faces were familiar on 'Change were endeavoring to prevent a monetary panic, a great army of working men, women and children, reinforced by the usual stream of pedestrianism, thronged about the newspaper offices, eager to learn the latest intelligence, and expressing anxiety for friends in the doomed city.

The officers and men of the Police and Fire Departments hastened over the metropolis, soliciting money, food and other necessities for the sufferers, and swelling the contributions handsomely by donations from their private funds.

Thus, from the Battery up through Wall, Broad and New Streets; up Broadway and about the City Hall; up further, where our merchant princes thrive; along the avenues, in the German districts, where the Teutonic heart swelled largely in sympathy for their distressed brethren; past the theatrical establishments—always open to "benefits" for the needy; in the palatial hotels, and through the humbler localities, the great current swept, gathering on its way hearty expressions of a popular grief.

The generosity of the Erie Railroad Company, in the offer of special lightning trains to convey contributions to the scene of disaster, attracted vast throngs to the depots and offices of the company. Colonel Fisk made arrangements to dispatch two special trains each day, and to give these the preference over every other. Relays of engines were ordered for various points along the route, so that all possible delay might be avoided. Besides driving through the upper part of the city, soliciting assistance, in person, he superintended the arrangements at the Twenty-third Street office, and the final work at the depot, Jersey City.

All the prominent towns on the route were notified of the intention of the company, and as the first train sped on its errand of mercy, at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, on Wednesday morning, the villagers scattered along the rail were assembled to bid it a whole-souled "God-speed." Many in their enthusiasm, and fearing that by the haste they would have no opportunity of adding their mites, threw bundles of clothing and food at the flying cars.

The train left Jersey City at 9:45 A. M., and reached Chicago early on Thursday evening.

**PERSPIRATION.**—The amount of liquid matter which passes through the microscopic tubes of the skin in twenty-four hours, in an adult person of sound health, is about sixteen fluid ounces, or one pint. One ounce of the sixteen is solid matter, made up of organic or inorganic substances, which, if allowed to remain in the system for a brief space of time, would cause death. The rest is water. Besides the water and solid matter, a large amount of carbonic acid, a gaseous body, passes through the tubes; so we cannot fail to see the importance of keeping them in perfect working order, removing obstructions by frequent applications of water, or by some other means. Suppose we obstruct the functions of the skin perfectly by varnishing a person completely with a compound impervious to moisture. How long will he live? Not over six hours. The experiment was once tried on a child in Florence. Pope Leo the Tenth, on the occasion of his accession to the papal chair, wished to have a living figure to represent the Golden Age, and so he gilded a poor child all over with varnish and gold leaf. The child died in a few hours. If the fur of a rabbit or the skin of a pig be covered with a solution of India-rubber in naphtha, the animal ceases to breathe in two hours.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

MISS ANNIE LONSDALE, the original *Nan*, in "Good for Nothing," in this country, and a most vivacious comedienne, has a San Francisco star engagement.

CAPOUL, the Nilsson tenor, has, we learn, delighted our musical friends of the "Hub" by his exquisite vocalization, graceful acting, and charming voice. New York is anxious to hear him.

THE FLORENCE are doing admirably in all respects, with Falconer's drama of "Eileen Oge," at the Grand Opera House; while Levy, with his inspired cornet, creates the *furor*, never failing in his *crescendos*, and evokes, by his superb playing, thunders of applause few artists are rewarded with.

MADAME ROSA has been "wrecking the world" with noble horsemanship—as her riding-whip will bear witness—in "Martina," and thrilling the world with noble "Borgias," as *Loverella* of that ilk; adorning both impersonations with the wealth of her bounteous voice, and the treasures of her vocal art—the house, like the lady's talent, being immense.

MR. ROBERT STORPEL, the Musical Director at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, fully maintains his prestige as a fine Conductor, by his excellent selections and arrangements of "theatre music," and by the admirable performances of his well-drilled musicians—two of whom, Signor Padovani, violinist, and the young and capital cornetist, Mr. Beal, are invaluable orchestral performers.

MISS PLESSY MORDAUNT, handsome, blonde, aristocratic, and an accomplished actress, has pleased the *habitués* of Wallack's, and the management have made a decided acquisition. Old play-goers, and old players too, speak in very high terms of her admirable portraiture of Mrs. Oakley, and we may look forward to greater triumphs for her when she appears in a character of her choosing.

LORD DUNDREARY stars at us with his world-famous eye-glass from every wall and boarding in the metropolis, and will soon scintillatingly greet us in *propria persona* at Niblo's—which, being translated, means that Mr. E. A. Sothern appears at Niblo's Theatre on the 3d, in the "American Cousin," and all the New York swells are having placards printed to call on his well-beloved Lordship!

MR. GEORGE DOLBY and his magnificent artists give the proceeds of their first concert (second series) for the benefit of the Chicago sufferers. A very graceful act, and liberal as graceful, for a first night's contribution is likely to be much greater than the sum producible by a mere "extra" matinee, which costs the Manager but little more than two hours' time, as the entire *posse comitatus* give their services, and the regular theatre expenses are but little, if at all, increased. *Appropos*, let us say that the flood of "British gold"—the traditional British gold—pouring into the country for Chicago, shines brightly and pleasantly in American eyes, albeit glittering in the awful light of that terrible conflagration.

SANTLEY, with his noble voice, faultless execution and perfect style, has won the hearts as well as the ears of our musical *cognoscenti*; Madame Patey's lusciously ripe and sensuously beautiful contralto; Edith Wynne, with her charmingly limpid soprano, exquisite taste and admirable declamation; Patey, with his massive bass; Cummings, with his fine tenor and capital school; and Sloper, with the unobtrusive excellence of his piano-playing and surpassingly good accompaniment, all contribute bountifully to the success of these novel and delightful concerts, which, in a little while, we prophesy, will attain the fullest measure of success, and amply justify the managerial shrewdness of Mr. George Dolby, who has at the right moment and in the right manner filled a gap in our musical starry system. These fine singers have taken Boston by storm, and the other cities of the Continent will soon swell the chorus of their praises; for Americans are quick to recognize and reward real merit.

#### NEWS BREVITIES.

THE town of Urbana, Ill., has nearly been destroyed by fire.

A SERIOUS election riot occurred in Philadelphia, four men being killed and many wounded.

A REVOLUTION is in progress among the Creek Indians.

THE ratification of the Customs Treaty between France and Germany is considered certain.

A VIOLENT earthquake shock has occurred in Constantinople.

THE British Government has determined to release no more Fenians.

THE political excitement is decreasing in Madrid.

THE apple crop of Minnesota this year will amount to 30,000 bushels.

NINE hundred and eighty-five students have been admitted to Cornell University since its opening.

THE Italian Parliament will be opened about the middle of November.

THIRTY-NINE American vessels were wrecked in September.

PRESIDENT GRANT took three premiums for coats at the St. Louis fair.

THE French election returns are still incomplete; Prince Jerome Napoleon has been returned from Ajaccio.

THE yellow fever is raging in the inland towns of Mississippi. Efforts are being made to suppress all information concerning it.

THE French Academy of Sciences has offered a prize of one hundred thousand francs for an efficient remedy against cholera.

THREE hundred workmen of Ghent, Belgium, are on a strike. They demand a reduction of a day's labor to ten hours, wages to be unchanged, and double pay for work overtime.

THE submarine cable between Shanghai and Nagasaki, Japan, is in successful operation. Material for a cable line between Nagasaki and Yokohama has been ordered, and it is thought the line will be in working order within a year.

AN enthusiastic Chinese camp meeting was held recently in California. A pavilion was erected in which numerous Josses, or Chinese gods, were set up for worship; and the whole affair, as one of the Celestials remarked, was "Alicia same as Mexican man preachin'."

THE Japanese Government has issued a decree abolishing the position of Hans or Daimios. This reduces people who have been rulers for over three hundred years to the position of the common people, and immediately transfers their territories to the Government. There is no longer any aristocracy or religion except through the Mikado.

Just previous to the great fire, the Chicago Common Council had drafted an ordinance that "all bread, biscuits, rolls, crackers, cakes, or anything in the shape or form of bread made from flour or shorts, shall be stamped with the initials of the maker's name and with the figures indicating its weight; and the selling of bread, etc., not thus stamped, will subject the maker to a fine of ten dollars and the cost of prosecution."



THE GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO.—PANIC-STRICKEN CITIZENS RUSHING PAST THE SHERMAN HOUSE, CARRYING THE SICK



THE SICK AND HELPLESS, AND ENDEAVORING TO SAVE FAMILY TREASURES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 102.

## BABY.

ONE Summer morning Baby came,  
To lay upon my breast;  
I kissed her little face, and said,  
"We have an angel guest."

That Summer-time was glad and gay  
With baby laugh and glee;  
The dearest thing in all the world  
My darling was to me.

But when the frost-winds touched the flowers,  
Like them she drooped away,  
And died within my folding arms  
One sad, sad Autumn day.

We made her little narrow grave  
Close by the garden-wall—  
It seemed that some time she would wake,  
And for her mother call.

I planted rose and briary  
Beside her grave in Spring,  
And robins nested there, and learned  
Their little ones to sing.

It is a sacred spot to me,  
That grave so green and low;  
Ah! Heaven cannot be far away  
From Baby's grave, I know.

## THE WHITE SPECTRE; OR, THE MYSTERIES OF INGESTRE PLACE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

## CHAPTER I.—ON THE ROAD.

THE damp, chilly May afternoon was verging toward evening. Day had dawned, bringing with it a wild, roaring storm, that deluged earth with ceaseless showers of leaden rain while the morning lasted; even now, though the fury of the storm was long since spent, cold, gray clouds scudded athwart the heavens from the northwest, and a cutting wind was blowing.

The little village of Silverlea looked wet and desolate. Everything dripped, from the peaked gables and projecting eaves to the barnyard fowls, picking their sober way to some convenient perch. The hills rimming the wet landscape seemed dark and bleak, far-off and sad. A ribbon-like strip of gray fog wound in and out along the low line of the river.

A rumble, a roar, a clatter, a crash. The 5.45 express was just in. At Silverlea Station, a low, black building, half-a-dozen rods off the principal street, there was the usual jostle and bustle, of course. When the confusion was at its height, a young lady was handed from one of the coaches to the platform by the attentive conductor.

"Here you are, miss—Silverlea." She was pretty, and exquisitely dressed. A close-fitting traveling-dress, of the finest and richest material, betrayed the superb contour and lithe suppleness of her figure. Her face was a picture—the skin like wax, the soft lustrous brown eyes steady and serene, the delicately-curved lips richly pulped with juicy crimson.

She stepped among the jostling crowd with that nervously-shrinking movement peculiar to persons possessed of extreme sensibility, or, rather, sensitiveness. She allowed herself to be carried along by the rush of feet about her until she stood in one of the entrances to the station, looking out upon the street. Then, by that intuitive knowledge which defies all analysis and all comprehension, she suddenly became aware that she was being followed and watched.

The offender, in the present instance, was not one with whom she could feel very angry. It was a man, old enough—if appearances did not deceive—to have been her grandsire. He looked venerable and benevolent. He wore a full beard, and long flowing hair of silvery whiteness. His complexion partook of the sallow hue peculiar to age. The only incongruous feature about his face were the eyes. These were dark, piercing, alert, and seemed to have lost very little of the fire and sparkle of youth.

Something in the appearance of this man impressed the young lady strangely. She lost color, and unconsciously stopped short, regarding him attentively. He was quick to detect her emotion. He came nearer, raising his hat to her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in a voice that was strangely low and sweet. "You think me rude for staring at you so persistently. My gray hairs are all the apology I need to make, I trust?"

She bowed somewhat stiffly, ashamed of her own ill-manners, and moved on. After a brief interval, a hasty step came up behind her.

"I beg your pardon a second time," said that marvelously sweet voice again. "Are you not Miss Madeline Ingestre?"

"Yes," answered the young lady, unhesitatingly.

"You are going to Ingestre Place?"

"I am."

"That is the house, the one you see on the elevation, yonder. You will find it a tiresome walk, I fear, after your journey in the cars. It is more than a mile by the nearest route."

Miss Ingestre's emotions of surprise at finding herself accosted by a stranger were now giving place to feelings of utter bewilderment, for his last remarks had given her ample time to collect her scattered ideas. A startling fact suddenly made itself manifest to her mind.

"How does it happen," she cried, quickly, "that you know my name and destination? Nobody expected me."

A scarcely perceptible change showed itself in the gentleman's face.

"I expected you," he answered.

Miss Ingestre looked sharply at him. After

a momentary hesitation, she produced a folded slip of paper from her purse.

"Then you sent me this telegram," she said, spreading it open before his eyes. "You are the 'unknown friend' who did not dare sign his name. Nobody else could have known anything about my movements."

The dispatch read as follows:

"To Miss Madeline Ingestre, at Maple Grove Seminary:

"Come to Silverlea by next train. Your father is dying. He wishes to see you, but your step-mother will not have you sent for. Come, in spite of her. Come at once, if you wish to see your father alive. Yours, truly,

"AN UNKNOWN FRIEND."

The gentleman barely glanced at these lines. "Yes," he said, "I sent the telegram. Mrs. Ingestre would not thank me, did she know it. But your interests were suffering by your absence, and I felt it a duty to communicate with you."

Miss Ingestre laid hold of his arm.

"My father?" she gasped.

"He is still alive. He may last several days, or only a few hours. It is impossible to tell which."

She clasped her hands frantically. "Good heavens!" she cried. "My own papa. And I have not once looked on his face since my remembrance. And now he will die so soon! Ah, it is cruel, cruel!"

A sob broke from her. She hid her face in her handkerchief, looking up after the lapse of several moments.

"I don't know you, sir," said she, ingenuously, "but you must be truly my friend, or you would not have sent for me when even my own nearest relatives neglected to take that trouble."

"Yes, Miss Madeline," returned the gentleman, very gravely, "I am the best friend you ever had, perhaps. Let me introduce myself. I am Walter Marston."

"My words may seem wild to you," she went on, without appearing to have noticed what he had said. "But they are true. I do not remember my mother—I do not remember my father. I have been kept in this school and that, all my life. Mine has been a strange history in that respect—unlike any other I ever heard. My mother has been dead ever since I was a very little child. My papa married his second wife a great many years ago. She has never been to see me—never written. And I firmly believe she has exerted her influence to keep my papa away. But this does not interest you. Perhaps you knew it all before."

The gentleman who had called himself Mr. Marston stood with averted face. "Yes," he answered, "I knew it all before."

"Then, you know that I have been terribly misused," Madeline resumed, in a raised, excited voice. "You know that the privileges which were rightfully mine I have never enjoyed; that the love for which I hunger has never been given me; that I have been thrust upon strangers, with nobody to right my little troubles or to speak a sympathizing word."

In her flushed face and eager tone, Mr. Marston seemed to read something of the suffering through which she had passed—the terrible loneliness and isolation from her kind she had felt—for he stooped, with a swift, sudden gesture, touching his lips to her brow.

"You will let me kiss you?" he said, when she drew back a little. "I am an old man, you know, and your friend; not an unknown friend any longer, but one who has watched over you when you had no idea, and who will watch over you still. I hope you will never again feel yourself friendless and forsaken. If you do, remember that I am near, and that I will protect your interests and shield you from trouble, as far as in me lies. May God bless you, my child!"

He wrung her hand hard, looked steadily and longingly into her moist eyes, a moment, then turned silently, and walked away.

Madeline drew a long, suppressed breath as she watched his retreating figure. "Who is that man?" she asked herself, wonderingly. "Why am I so interested in him? Why is he so interested in me? Is he papa's friend, as well as mine?"

At she thought of her papa, she roused herself, and walked quickly along the street leading toward Ingestre Place. Of course everything was new and strange to her in the little village. She was a mere babe when she had been taken from it, and she had been expressly forbidden to come back. She would not even have known where to look for her father's house, had not Mr. Marston told her.

She left the slippery street at last, and began to toll up an ascent that led to Ingestre Place. The house was plainly in sight now—grand, gloomy, antique, irregular. The first impression was not wholly favorable. It seemed one vast pile of quaint chimneys and great, staring windows. Its weather-beaten walls had an imposing look that rather overawed the beholder; but the grounds atoned for everything. They were delightful, and seemed to be beautifully kept, at least from Madeline's point of view.

She passed a little church, presently, built of dark gray stone. Behind it lay a neglected yard, where, among the nettles and tangled grasses, a few white slabs were visible. Here, as everywhere, the ground was sodden with wet, and bead-like drops clung to the pointed spears of grass. But some uncontrollable impulse prompted Madeline to turn aside, despite the dampness, and enter the bleak churchyard.

With hushed breath, she wound in and out among the sunken graves. The sparse shrubs shook their glittering rain upon her; neglected rose-bushes clung to her garments, as if appealing, in their poor way, for care and cultivation; nettles stung her bare white hands. But she still went on, impelled by the hope struggling at her heart.

Straight to a little inclosure in one corner of the yard she went. A white cross stood before

her, of a sudden, its ghostly arms spread out. She leaned giddily over the iron rails, slowly deciphering the inscription upon it. "*Madeline Ingestre, aged twenty. Found drowned.*" An odd epitaph, but thus it read.

Madeline gave a little gasp. "My mother's grave!" she said to herself. "Something told me it was here."

She opened the iron gate. Some object stirred in the wet grass, suddenly. There was a low exclamation. A woman's form rose up beside the cross, tall, gaunt, unearthly.

"Who are you?" said a terrible voice, "that you should come here to disturb the dead?"

## CHAPTER II.—THE WHITE SPECTRE.

THE surprise occasioned by the address held Madeline spellbound for some moments. A shiver of dread ran through her frame, and she clung desperately to the railing in order to support herself. It almost seemed as if one of the dead had risen to confront her.

"I was passing along the road," she faltered, "and chanced to wander in this direction."

At the first sound of her voice, the woman gave a violent start. She came nearer, peering curiously into Madeline's face. She was trembling from head to foot.

"That voice—that face!" she whispered, in a suppressed tone. "Girl, who are you? Speak!"

Her long bony fingers closed upon Madeline's arm in a tenacious grip. They were cold as ice. The latter drew back, answering her question in a sharp, frightened voice.

"The daughter of Wales Ingestre, of Ingestre Place."

The woman caught both her hands, at that.

"I knew it!" she cried out. "You are the picture of my dead mistress as I first knew her. The sight of your face does my eyes good, honey. You are Miss Madeline?"

"Yes."

"She was your mother?" nodding toward the stone cross.

"Mad Ingestre was my mother!" returned Madeline, gravely.

"Of course, honey; you have her eyes and hair and mouth, and her sweet expression. I should have known you anywhere. But, how did you come to be here?"

While asking this question, the woman came slowly through the gate and sat down on a fallen slab, making room for Madeline beside her. She was tall, grim, gaunt, with a coarse, hard-featured face, prominent cheek-bones, and iron-gray hair. The lips had a habit of shutting sharply together, as much as to say they had kept secrets, and could again; there were strongly-defined lines about them, and yet they were neither very thin nor very full. Taken all in all, Madeline liked the face, despite its coarseness and hardness. There was no duplicity or low cunning about it.

She detected Madeline's searching gaze, and met it boldly.

"Don't be frightened of me, miss," said she, grimly. "Everybody who knows me is ready to speak a good word for Betty. That's me—Betty. I've been a servant at Ingestre Place going on these nineteen years."

Madeline's distrust vanished with these words.

"And you knew my mamma!" she cried, cordially. "I am so glad to know you, Betty, on that account alone."

The stern mouth relaxed a little. Betty went back to repeat the question with which she had passed through the iron gate. "How did you come to be here?" Mrs. Ingestre never sent for you; I know that, to begin with.

"Why didn't she send?" asked Madeline.

"Why? Humph!" and she broke into a short laugh. "The reason's plain enough—to me, at any rate. You are an obstacle. She could profit by your absence, but the game was up the moment you crossed the threshold of her house."

"I am an obstacle, Betty?"

"Yes, an obstacle!" the woman repeated, with grim satisfaction. "Master has asked for you a thousand times since he fell ill. Madame pretended to send word to you, and pretended, too, that you wouldn't come."

"Oh, Betty?"

"It's true, more's the pity. I found it all out by listening and watching around. I should have sent for you myself, if I had known where you were. I didn't dare ask master, and nobody else would have told me. They hoped you would keep away until it was all over."

"Until what was over?"

"Until Wales Ingestre was dead!" Madeline drew a long, sobbing breath. A sudden heat of anger raised the red blood in her cheeks. Her soul rose in instinctive rebellion against the people who had persecuted her so long, and who seemed determined to persecute her still.

"They have taken every precaution to prevent your hearing of your father's illness," Betty added, in her grim though not unkindly way. "They knew you would come posting home, perhaps. I'm glad you've circumvented them."

"Who are they?" asked Madeline, sharply. "Madame, your half-sister Alicia, and"—hesitatingly—"Major Le Noir."

Betty always spoke of Mrs. Ingestre as "madame." When she said, "my mistress," she invariably had reference to Madeline's mother, near whose grave they were at that moment sitting.

"Alicia? Is she my enemy?"

"Humph! I should think so. You are in her way. But for you, she would be heiress of the whole Ingestre property."

Madeline said nothing to this. Betty might be mistaken in her judgment of Alicia. It seemed unnatural to think her half-sister could cherish anything but the kindest feelings toward her. They had never met, though Madeline had often longed to see Alicia, and win her love and confidence.

"Who is Major Le Noir?" she asked, presently.

"Madame's friend!" and Betty closed her lips in sharp emphasis. "If you were to ask Sally, the chambermaid, what he is, she would say, 'the hand-omest, good-naturedest, obligingest man as ever lived.' Bah! Sally and I don't agree in our opinions, however."

Madeline smiled.

"What would be your answer?"

"I should call him a devil incarnate!"

Betty sat up primly and stiffly, her hard face turned straightforward. Her stern eyes seemed to see nothing but the sodden landscape and the wild, wet sky. Her hands were dropped listlessly by her side.

Madeline shivered in nameless foreboding.

"Is he such a very, very wicked man?" she murmured.

The old woman sat for many moments immovable. She turned, at last; the set features softening a little in their expression.

"Child," she cried out, sharply, "when you go to Ingestre Place, you go to a house that ought to have God's curse called down upon it—a Gomorrah without a righteous person to ward off its doom—a hell where evil passions run riot! Hush, hush! ask me nothing. You will find out horrors enough by yourself. I have wept and prayed, and wept again, and been out here, night after night, lying in the grass by her grave, that I needn't grow wholly hardened and vile myself. I loved her. She was good, and pure, and true. The world is all bad, now that she's gone. I'm growing bad and harsh and pitiless with it. Bah! what should I care for that? I wonder, sometimes, if I really do care? Heaven knows."

She rose, and went striding up and down the wet walk, her thin arms folded across her breast, the wind tossing the wild locks back from her face. Madeline watched her, curiously. There was tragedy in that face now, and a pathos that made it almost lovely. She was an enigma—a strange blending of fierceness and gentleness, of coarseness and innate refinement. The wide world, mayhap, nowhere held her counterpart.

Madeline waited and waited. At last she went up to her, and gently laid her hand upon her arm.

"Betty," she said, "it is growing late. Will you go up to the house with me?"

The woman turned her back to the stone cross, and followed Madeline's swift footsteps without a word of remonstrance. When they were clear of the churchyard, and had begun to ascend the hill toward Ingestre Place, she spoke.

"Madame did not send you word to come home, nor did Major Le Noir. Who was it, then? You have not told me."

Madeline briefly related all that is already known to the reader—the conversation she had held with the stranger at the station, and the confession he had made.

"He called himself Walter Marston?" said Betty, reflectively. "It seems odd enough he should take such an interest in your affairs. Who and what is he? I never heard of such a person."

But Madeline could not answer any questions, being sorely puzzled herself.

The two walked on rapidly. The sun was down, and a faded yellow glare showed itself through rifts in the jagged clouds lying westward. At every other point, the heavens were dull and leaden-hued. Purple shadows crept up the valley, and the fog-line along the river deepened and darkened.

They left the high road, presently, turning into a secluded lane. Betty was in advance, leading the way. Here, overarching trees, that shut out the fading light of day, made the darkness doubly profound.

Suddenly Betty uttered a sharp cry and came to a standstill. Despite the obscurity, a look of unmistakable terror showed itself in her face. She shrunk back, cowering and trembling.

Madeline's eyes followed the direction of her startled gaze. Not more than half-a-dozen yards away, she saw a tall figure moving noiselessly toward them—a woman's figure, draped in white from head to foot. It came slowly and steadily nearer. Its face seemed to be turned immovably toward them, though not a feature of it could be distinguished clearly, for something soft, white, filmy, but impenetrable, was thrown over head and face together, and was barely lifted at the corners by the breeze that was blowing.

Madeline heard Betty gasp for breath, and felt her fingers close like a vice upon her arm. The ghostly figure reached them, at last. It did not speak, but solemnly lifted one of its white hands, in passing, waving it in the direction of the house. Then it moved noiselessly onward, and was soon swallowed up in the darkness.

Madeline shivered. A nameless fear crept among the roots of her hair. A dread of, she knew not what, throbbed at her heart.

"What was that?" she gasped.

At the sound of her voice, Betty seemed to come slowly to her senses again. She shook herself, drawing a long breath.

"The White Spectre!" she answered, solemnly.

"The White Spectre?"

"Ay. We have seen a ghost. Quick, let us go on. I am cold, and all of a tremble."

They resumed their walk, but Betty was silent and thoughtful, and stopped every now and then to cast half-fearful glances about her. Madeline's curiosity, being a woman's curiosity, declined to go unsatisfied.

"What did you mean," said she, "by calling the figure we saw the White Spectre?"

"Just what I said," returned Betty, sharply. "We've seen a ghost, I tell you. You'll hear the whole story from the servants, first or last, and might as well hear it now. Ingestre Place is haunted!"

"Humph!" commented Madeline, contemptuously.

"It's the truth I'm telling," went on Betty, in a dogged, persistent manner. "That ghostly

figure has been seen a great many times about the house and grounds, appearing and disappearing in the most wonderful manner. It never speaks, and nobody can account for its troubling us so determinedly. It has come to be spoken of as the White Spectre."

"There are no ghosts. It is some clever person trying to impose upon the servants by a bit of masquerading."

"I don't believe it," said Betty, sullenly. "No more will you, when you've been here a week or two. I don't wonder the old place is haunted. There's been crime and devilry enough going on here, to raise all the lumps of Hades."

Her lips shut sharply together, after the old fashion, and she walked on, pale and trembling. A feeling of superstitious awe stole over Madeline as she followed. If this stern, practical woman was afraid, there must assuredly be something strange and awful in the apparition she had seen.

#### CHAPTER III.—IN THE DEPTHS.

The last bit of color was gone from the western sky when Madeline and Betty reached Ingestre Place. The house looked dark and forbidding, with the shadows of early evening brooding dusky over it. There was a solitary gleam of light here and there, or it might easily have been taken for an uninhabited building.

"I would rather madame didn't see us together," said Betty, as they stole noiselessly up the front steps. "The door is unlocked. You can go in by yourself."

"Which is my father's room?" asked Madeline.

"The one on the second floor, where that light is burning. You had better throw off your wraps in the hall, and go directly up."

"I feel like a stranger in my father's house," and a momentary uneasiness came over her.

"Of course," returned Betty. "It's a burning shame that you should have been kept away so long. But it was all madame's doings. She hated and envied your mother when she was only a governess herself. Miss Feilding by name, and your mother was Mrs. Ingestre; she hates you because you are your mother's daughter, and stand in Alicia's light."

"Don't say such horrible things."

"I only wish to open your eyes to what you must expect in this house," returned Betty, harshly. "You won't lead an easy life while you stay here, nor a very pleasant one. You will have hatred, envy, cupidity and low cunning to fight against; and the sooner you make up your mind to meet them with a bold front and a close tongue in your head, the better it will be for you. I wish you success, though, with all my heart."

Betty wheeled about with a short laugh when she had spoken these words, whisked off from the steps of a sudden, and went in at one of the side-doors further along.

Finding herself deserted in this summary manner, Madeline rallied her failing courage, and, after a brief hesitation, laid one hand on the door-knob. It yielded to her touch. She pushed the door ajar, and found herself, the next instant, in a lofty, but dimly lighted, hall.

She experienced a sensation that was half pain, half pleasure. Then an over-mastering eagerness to behold the face of the parent from whom she had been separated so many years, and feel his hand laid in blessing on her head, conquered every other emotion. She removed her hat and scarf, and passed quickly up the staircase.

The instant her foot touched the landing above, a door was opened at the further end; and a lady came out, bringing a lamp in one hand. Catching a glimpse of Madeline's figure, she came swiftly forward, thrusting the lamp she carried so close to the girl's face, that the latter drew back, dazzled and nearly blinded.

The lady who had thus suddenly made her appearance was tall and handsome, and eight-and-thirty. She had waving blonde hair, blue eyes, a soft, white skin, and pink cheeks. She was one of those large, fair women that Nature gets up now and then for masterpieces. Her form was superb, and characterized by an indolent grace of movement that was enough, by itself, to have asserted her claims as a very fascinating woman, for men are as often taken captive by a lady's walk as by any beauty of form or feature she may possess.

To be sure, this charming woman had a cruel aquiline nose, and lips a trifle too thinly cut, but these were detractors that none but the closest observers were ever likely to detect.

The pretty pink coloring left her cheeks suddenly, when she obtained the first clear view of Madeline's face. She caught her breath sharply, and the hand which held the lamp was clinched so tightly, that the fingers became purple underneath the nails. But she smiled, and said, sweetly:

"Good-evening, miss. May I ask whom I have the pleasure of addressing?"

Madeline knew instinctively that this was her stepmother—the woman her papa had married within a few weeks of her own mother's death. Without intending to do so, she drew herself up a trifle haughtily as she answered:

"I am Madeline Ingestre."

"Ah!" Mrs. Ingestre held out one of her milk-white hands with a well-acted start of surprise. "This is unexpected—very."

If there was any feeling of hatred and fury in the woman's heart, she concealed it marvelously well.

"You have just arrived?"

"Yes. How is my father?"

"He is quite ill, but not dangerously so. If he had been, I should have sent for you."

The soft blue eyes met Madeline's unshrinkingly.

"Where is he?" said the young lady, impetuously. "I must go to him this instant."

"My dear," returned Mrs. Ingestre, blandly, "you must do nothing of the sort. You have taken us all by surprise in coming home thus unexpectedly. Are you not going to give me a

few moments of your society, that I may ask you how it happened, and become acquainted with you?"

Madeline pushed aside the detaining hand. "I must see my father—I must see him!" she reiterated.

"Presently, my dear."

Mrs. Ingestre stood directly in her way, and made no sign of moving. The ready smile never left her red lips. The light in her eyes brightened a little; that was the only visible change. And yet that woman was weighing a momentous question in her own mind—a question to be settled then and there.

She bent her head to listen, presently. A muffled footfall came slowly along the passage. It approached steadily and unflinching. A gentleman paused beside her, just opposite Madeline.

If appearances could be relied upon, he was about forty years of age. Physically speaking, he might have been considered a grand success. His two hundred pounds avoirdupois were disposed in the best possible manner. He was deep in the chest and strong in the limbs. His head was very small, his forehead very white, and around the latter clustered an abundance of crisp, dark curls. The features were good, for the most part, the cheeks round and full, the teeth marvels of whiteness, the mouth perfect, and the *triste* mustache "a thing of beauty," so exquisitely was it trained. The eyes were deep-set and very small, but overpoweringly brilliant; the neck a trifle thick; the hands and feet small and beautifully shaped.

A bland, smiling, affable gentleman! He paused now, with a friendly little nod for Mrs. Ingestre, and a keenly scrutinizing glance from his bright dark eyes for Madeline.

"Major Le Noir," said Mrs. Ingestre, presenting him.

He bowed low. "And this young lady—" he began, in a very musical voice.

"Is my stepdaughter, Madeline."

"Indeed! I am delighted to see her."

His manner was cordial and hearty in the extreme. He gave Madeline's hand a friendly squeeze, and, as if that was not sufficient to express his feelings, caught it a second time, wringing it hard, and pouring out a whole volume of welcoming words, in the midst of which a significant look passed between Mrs. Ingestre and himself.

"Nobody was looking for you, that I am aware," he cried, volubly; "but your arrival is most opportune, none the less. You heard that your father was ill?"

"Yes," replied Madeline.

"I wished to have you sent for when he was first taken ill, but Mrs. Ingestre did not think it expedient. I am the family solicitor, perhaps you are aware—lately promoted to that office," and he smiled blandly. "I am domesticated here because my client's poor health renders my presence in the house indispensable."

Madeline paid no attention whatever to this explanation, so abruptly given. She moved forward a step, in rising impatience. Mrs. Ingestre detained her a second time.

"My dear," she said, "who sent for you? It was not I. Your papa had forbidden it. He was never fond of you, you know, and never cared to have you here. None of the servants knew your address. Who, then, told you of his illness?"

Madeline recalled Betty's words, and felt assured her stepmother was lying to her. But she answered, without hesitation:

"I was telegraphed to. The message said that my father was dying, and, of course, I started to come here as soon as I could get ready."

"Who sent the message?"

"Mr. Walter Marston."

An expression of unmistakable surprise appeared in Mrs. Ingestre's face.

"I do not know such a gentleman." Then she turned to Major Le Noir. "Do you?"

"No," he answered, unhesitatingly. "The name is, doubtlessly, an *alias*. But I cannot conceive who should feel called upon to interfere in your family affairs."

"Or how anybody should have known where to send the message," said Mrs. Ingestre, unguardedly.

She bit her lip. The suave smile faded utterly for a moment. "Can you enlighten us?" she asked, turning sharply to Madeline.

"I cannot; the gentleman is a stranger to me. I have no acquaintance in Silverlea."

There was a brief silence. Madeline, who was in an agony of suspense all this while, broke it by an eager question.

"My father?" she cried. "Surely he will not refuse to see me, now that I am here? He will not die without being reconciled to me?"

It was Major Le Noir who answered, in his low, sweet voice:

"Mr. Ingestre will see you, of course; though it is very doubtful what sort of welcome you will receive from him. I am frank, you perceive. So far as his health is concerned, Mr. Walter Marston made a great mistake when he telegraphed that he was dying. We are not even alarmed about him."

Another intelligent look passed between the major and Mrs. Ingestre.

"I had already assured Madeline of that fact when you came out," said the latter.

Madeline felt sick and discouraged with all these contradictory answers. Her courage was fast deserting her.

"Can I go to him?" she asked, faintly.

Major Le Noir turned his bright eyes upon her, and gently touched her shoulder.

"Cheer up, cheer up!" he cried, pleasantly. "You won't mind a little delay, I am sure; your father is sleeping, just now, and must not be disturbed. You can go to him when he awakes. I will keep watch to tell you."

"Thank you."

"And in the meantime," put in Mrs. Ingestre, vivaciously, "you can go to Alicia's room. I will order some refreshments, for, of course, you must be tired and hungry. Where did you leave your wraps?"

"In the hall below."

"They can remain there for the present. But we will go, now, if you please. Follow me, my dear."

#### A LUCKY PRESENTIMENT.

ABOUT sixty years ago a remarkable case was tried, at the criminal side, in the county of Cork.

The writer wishes to pledge himself at the outset to the literal authenticity of the narrative, which he heard from the lips of the late eminent Queen's counsel, George Bennett, at that time a junior on the Munster circuit, and himself an eye-witness and attentive listener at the trial.

On a fine Summer evening, when the rustic hour of supper was approaching, there arrived at the door of a comfortable thatched cabin, of large dimensions, such as the class of persons known in Ireland as "strong farmers" usually inhabit, a stranger, dressed in the then peasant costume, corduroy shorts, frieze coat, caubeen, and brogues, and with a blackthorn stick in his hand. The wayfarer entered, with the usual salutation, "God save all here," and asked if this was not Denis MacCarthy's house. The women who were in the cabin told him it was, and invited him civilly to sit down, "and take an air of the fire"; and with this invitation he complied, entertaining his new acquaintances the while with such items of news as he had collected while on his journey.

The man was dark-featured, of middle stature, and of square and powerful build.

In a little while Denis MacCarthy, returning from his fields, entered the cabin-door, and the stranger introduced himself as his cousin, Phil Ryan, from Cappaghmore, in the county of Limerick, and told him what had brought him to that distant part of the world. His business was to say certain prayers, according to Irish usage, over the grave of a common kinsman of both, who had died two or three weeks before, and was buried in the neighboring graveyard.

MacCarthy received his cousin, although he had never seen his face before, with the customary cordiality of clanship, and told him that he must sup and sleep in his house that night, and eat his breakfast there before setting out in the morning on his homeward journey.

To all this the stranger consented, and then, as he was acquainted with the situation of the graveyard, he asked MacCarthy, if it was not far off, to show him the way to it, and point out the grave of their cousin.

MacCarthy readily consented, and, as the potatoes were not yet quite boiled, it was agreed that they should set out at once, and return in time for supper.

In the south of Ireland simple burial-places, probably of immense antiquity, containing no vestige of a sacred building, rudely fenced with a loose stone wall, lichen-stained, and often partly overgrown with ivy, with perhaps two or three hawthorns, and an ancient ash-tree growing within them, are frequently to be met with. Possibly these small and solitary inclosures were dedicated to the same funeral uses long before the dawn of Christianity broke upon the island.

A wild and narrow track, perhaps as ancient as the place of sepulture itself, crossing, at a short distance from MacCarthy's cabin, the comparatively modern main road, leads over a little rising ground to the burial-place, which lies in the lap of a lonely hollow, seldom disturbed by the sound of human tread or voice, or the rattle of car-wheel.

MacCarthy and the stranger walked up the ancient and silent by-road, until they reached the hollow I have mentioned. There, under the shadow of an old twisted thorn-tree, a stile crosses the loose wall of the burial-ground. At this stile they came to a pause.

"Go on," said MacCarthy.

"Go you first," replied the stranger.

"Go first yourself," said the farmer, a little peremptorily, making a stand, he did not know why, upon the point of precedence.

"Arrah, man, go on, can't ye, and don't be botherin'; what are ye afraid of?" insisted Ryan.

"Now I tell you what it is; I don't understand you, nor what you're at; but divil a foot I'll go over that wall till you go over it first," said MacCarthy, doggedly.

The man laughed, and looked angry.

"To be sure I'll go over it first, if that'll please ye; and what does it matter who's first or who's last?" he answered, surlily. "But you're the biggest omadhaun I ever set eyes on."

And, speaking to this effect, he crossed the stile, followed by MacCarthy, who pointed out the grave, and forthwith the stranger knelt beside it, according to Irish custom, and began to tell his beads and say his prayers, an observance which usually lasts about a quarter of an hour.

When the prayers were ended, the farmer and Ryan, now quite good friends again, returned to the farmhouse, where the stranger had his supper with the family, and in the morning, having eaten his breakfast, he took his leave, and set out on his homeward journey.

Irish ideas of hospitality in the peasant rank make it a matter of obligation upon the host to accompany his guest for a part of his way. MacCarthy, in compliance with this courteous custom, set out with the stranger, and about a mile away from his house they entered a little village, where he shook hands with his guest, and bade him farewell.

But his visitor would not part without testifying his gratitude, according to the custom of the country, by treating his kinsman to some drink, which he insisted on doing in the village public-house, the door of which stood open close by them.

MacCarthy accordingly went in with him. They sat down at a table, and the stranger, having ascertained what his cousin liked best, ordered a pot of porter, making some excuse for not partaking himself.

When MacCarthy raised the pewter pot to his

lips, a sudden pain, which he afterward described more particularly, in the back of his neck, compelled him to set it down untasted.

The stranger urged him to drink it, and, without explaining the cause of his hesitation, he a second time raised the vessel to his mouth. Precisely the same thing occurred again.

Once more the stranger expostulated, and pressed him more vehemently to drink; and again he tried it, but with exactly the same result.

"What ails ye? and why don't you drink your liquor? Don't you like it?" the stranger demanded.

"I don't like it," answered MacCarthy, getting up, "and I don't like you, nor your ways, and, in God's name, I'll have nothing more, good or bad, to say to you."

"To the divil I pitch you and it," said the stranger, breaking into undisciplined fury, and at the same time, through the open door, he flung the contents of the pewter pot upon the road.

Without another word, in this temper, the unknown cousin strode out of the door, and walked on his way, leaving the farmer in a state of perturbation and suspicion.

Happening to look into the pewter pot, which had contained the porter just thrown out, he saw a white sediment at the bottom of it. He and the publican put their heads together over it, but could make nothing of this deposit.

It so happened, however, that the physician was in attendance at the dispensary, only a few yards away, and to him they submitted the white powder that lay in the bottom of the measure. It proved to be arsenic.

The mud upon the road where the porter had fallen was also examined, and some of the same deposit was found upon it.

Upon these facts, and the short information sworn by MacCarthy, a neighboring magistrate at once issued his warrant, with which the police pursued the miscreant, who, without apprehension of his purpose having been discovered, was pursuing his journey quite at his ease. He was arrested, and duly committed to prison.

The animus and purpose of the heinous enterprise came afterward to light. The pretended cousin, whose real name was Mara, had been bribed to put MacCarthy to death, by a person interested in the termination of a lease in which MacCarthy was the last life.

The attempt to poison was only a resource in reserve. The primary plan, and that relied upon with good reason, was of a totally different kind. Under the pretext I have mentioned, MacCarthy was to have been induced to accompany Mara to the lonely graveyard, the position of which, and the style by which it was entered, were familiar to him. He was to have allowed MacCarthy to cross the stile first, and, following him closely, as he descended it at the other side, he was, from above, to have dealt him, with his heavy loaded stick, such a blow upon the head as must have felled him to the ground, and, as he lay stunned in the graveyard, he would have easily dispatched him. The sounds of violence in that sequestered place no ear could have heard, and no human aid would have interferred to prevent the consummation of his atrocious purpose.

The women, who in the large barn-like room were attending to the preparations for supper at its further end, had caught nothing of the conversation of the two men who stood near the door. The effect of this might not very improbably have been that no one would have known in what direction their walk had lain, or could have conjectured where the body of MacCarthy, if he had been murdered, was concealed. It might have lain under the wall of that rude cemetery undiscovered until the next funeral brought people into its solitary inclosure.

At this point all turned upon the presentiment which had so mysteriously determined MacCarthy, without any motive of which he was conscious, against going over the stile before him. MacCarthy was too powerful a man to have been assailed on fair terms, with a reasonable chance of the intending assassin's success.

When the trial was over, Mr. Bennett, my informant, who, though not in the case, and a very junior barrister at the time, had listened to the trial with deep interest, found an opportunity of speaking to the prosecutor, and asked him some questions upon the most extraordinary point in the strange occurrence deposed to.

"You stated that you were prevented from drinking the porter by a pain in the back of your neck. Did that pain affect all the back of your neck; and if not, to what part of your neck was it confined?"

"It was in one spot only, close under the skull on the backbone."

"Was it a severe pain?"

"The worst I ever felt."

"Had you ever had the same pain before?"

"Never any pain like it before or since."

"Can you give me any idea of what the pain was like?"

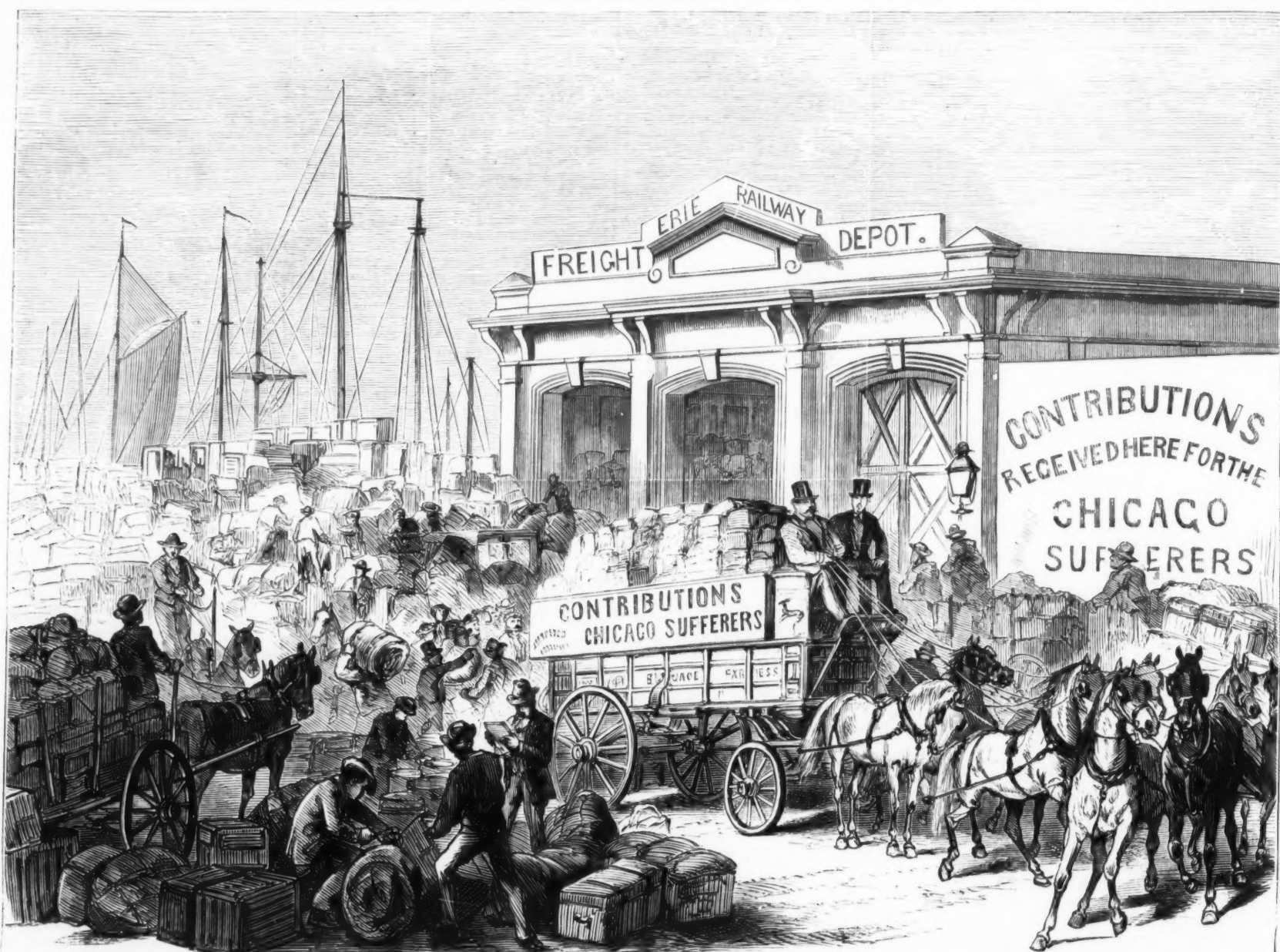
"It covered about the size of the top of a man's finger pressed hard against the neck, and it felt like a red-hot bullet."

"Did the pain last long?"

"It came whenever I raised the porter toward my mouth, and stopped so soon as I set the vessel down again; and I could not drink or hold the vessel up while it lasted."

Some persons will account, upon natural, though complicated theories, for the mental and physical impressions which, they may suppose, resulted in this sensation, and in the consequent escape of the prosecutor, MacCarthy, from a deep-laid scheme of murder. Others will see nearly insuperable difficulties in the way of such an explanation. It is, in any case, one of the most remarkable instances of justice satisfied and life saved by mysterious premonition that I ever met with.

The hired assassin was convicted, and, although his intention had been defeated, his crime was then, I believe, a capital one. The wretch who employed him, was, also, if I remember rightly, convicted and punished.



NEW YORK CITY.—SCENE AT THE ERIE FERRY-HOUSE, FOOT OF TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NORTH RIVER—ARRIVAL OF CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE CHICAGO SUFFERERS.—SEE PAGE 102.



THE GREAT FIRE AT CHICAGO.—SCENE AT THE JUNCTION OF THE CHICAGO RIVER—THE FLAMES COMMUNICATE WITH THE SHIPPING AND DESTROY THE GRAIN ELEVATORS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 102.



THE GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO.—HOMELESS CITIZENS TAKING REFUGE FROM THE FLAMES AMONG THE RUINS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR CHICAGO CORRESPONDENT.—SEE PAGE 102.

**THE NEW CITY ON THE OHIO RIVER.**—Mr. Charles Nordhoff, formerly of the *Evening Post*, is writing for the New York *Tribune* a series of readable letters from the Virginias, Old and New. Among other places, he has visited the new city of Huntington, the Ohio River terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and thus describes it:

It promises to grow rapidly into a large and important place, for it stands at a point on the Ohio which steamboats can always reach, even in low water. It is, as I said, the western terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and will thus be to this section what Buffalo is to the Erie and Central roads; the country back of it, both South and Southwest, is full of very rich deposits of coal and iron, through which the new Lexington and Big Sandy Railroad is to run; Eastward it is connected with the enormously rich coal-fields of the great Kanawha Valley; and the Chesapeake and Ohio Company are now arranging, so I hear, for westward connections for their road, through Ohio.

The railroad company are building here on a reservation of sixty acres very large and important shops. They purchased for town purposes 5,000 acres, which give about four miles of river front and two miles depth of level bottom land, lying, fortunately, high enough to escape inundation, even in the greatest rise in the Ohio, and having perfect drainage, not only to the Ohio, but to a creek which skirts the back of the town. On this plateau the Company have laid out fine broad streets and avenues, which they are about to pave with the coarse gravel or shingle which lines the river-bank and makes an excellent road-bed, as I saw on the other side. They have already five miles of streets graded, most of which are 80 feet wide; they have graded down the river-bank, and 1,500 feet of landing will be paved with stone this fall; and they have a small army of men at work upon the machine-shops, which are needed at this end of their 400 miles of road.

Among the buildings which are now going up is a round house, roomy enough to contain 40 locomotives; a brass and iron foundry, with the necessary pattern shops; a large blacksmith and boiler shop; a shop to build passenger cars; one for painting and upholstery; a large building for manufacturing freight cars and one for repairs; a drying-house for lumber, etc. The car-shops are to be laid out to be each 300 feet long by 90 feet span; three transfer tables, which are more than half completed, occupy 255 feet by 50; and the building for the manufacture of freight cars will hold 1.6 cars at one time. The lumber-yard is to have space for 3,000,000 feet of lumber, conveniently piled; and water is to be led from springs in the adjoining hills to large reservoirs. There will be sidetracks for 1,200 cars, and about 20 miles of iron track in the town limits, of which six are already laid, and in operation.

Fortunately for the company and for the future of the town, the hills near by yield a great abundance of fine sandstone; clay for brick is also found within the town limits, and the bricks used in the company's buildings, burned upon the reservation, are of admirable hardness and color. With so considerable a population of workmen—there must be nearly a thousand men employed now in different ways in the town—building is going on rapidly. There is already a hotel, and a second and larger one is nearly done; there are stores of various kinds, and there appears to be a busy commerce in town lots. All are sold by the company, with the stipulation that they shall be built on within a year, and that no nuisance shall be erected. But houses are still too few for the population, and if any one would put up one or two hundred small, neat cottages for mechanics, it seemed to me he would make a good speculation.

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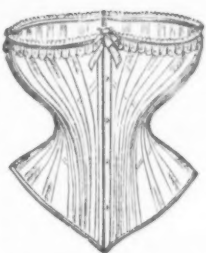
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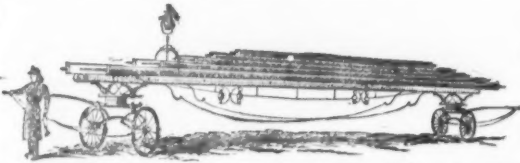
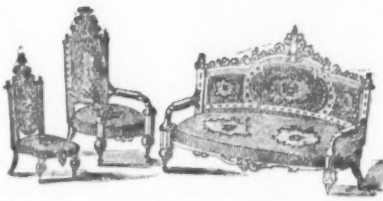
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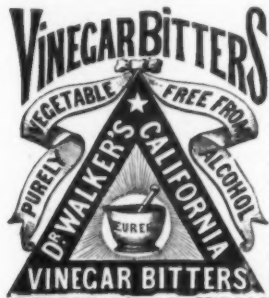
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